McKean County Miner.

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JOHN S. COADY KILLED BY CARS AT PT. ALLEGANY

Accident Happened One Mile South of Station Saturday Night.

BODY FOUND ON SUNDAY MORNING

His Remains Removed to Smethport on Sunday—Funeral Services Held Tuesday Afternoon—Details of the Horrible Accident.

Between the hours of eight and nine Sunday morning a telephone message was sent from Port Allegany to the county commissioners stating that the body of an unknown man had been found beside the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks about one mile south of the station by two men who were walking up the track. This was soon followed by a message stating that, from papers found in the pockets of the dead man indicated that it was the body of John S. Coady of this borough. Upon this information Joseph E. Mundy, son-in-law of the deceased, Undertaker H. H. Sisso, E. T. Daly, L. K. Hogarth and E. W. Jones drove to Port Allegany to identify the body, ascertain how the accident happened and bring the body home. The body was easily identified and was brought to Smethport in the afternoon, but the particulars were hard to get. There were many rumors afloat but when the facts were gleaned in nearly every case it left a rather disconnected story and therefore just how the accident happened will probably never be known.

The facts so far as known in the case are as follows: Mr. Coady hired a livery rig from E. W. Jones stable Saturday afternoon and arrived in Port Allegany and in the early evening Saturday. He was seen driving about that town by some who knew him and about nine o'clock that evening the horse and broken cutter were found by a man named Besse along the railroad track near the tannery which is about a mile north of the railroad station. The body of Mr. Coady was found on the west side of the Pennsylvania Railroad tracks about a mile south of the station and only a short distance north of the Red House bridge road. His body was lying face downward, his head and shoulders half buried in the snow bank along the track and his feet close to the rail, in fact his left leg must have laid across the track, for it was severed just above the ankle, the foot being found between the rails.

Aside from the leg being cut off his injuries were comparatively slight. His nose was broken, which blackened both eyes and there was a clean cut on the back of his head about an inch and a half long, exposing the skull, but to all appearances his skull was not fractured. These were the only bruises on the body that amounted to anything. The skin was knocked off the back of his right hand in two places and there were a few very slight scratches on his face, which were probably made when he was hurled into the snow bank where he was found. From the condition of the body and the snow upon it when found it is supposed that he had been lying in that position between eight and ten hours. In his pockets were found his watch, some letters and papers and $1.48 in money. A hole was torn in the back of his overcoat under the left shoulder but no bruise was found on his body at this point. The train that hit the unfortunate man is unknown as none of the crews that passed this point that night reported striking anyone.

The first story of how the accident happened was that Mr. Coady was attempting to cross the tracks near the Mississippi Glass plant and his cutter was struck by the engine, and he was carried on the pilot or cowcatcher to where he was found and rolled off. This story could not be true because all trains stopped at the depot and had that been the case his body would have been found or have rolled off there, and furthermore the cutter was not broken in the manner it would have been if hit by a train.

Another story is that he tipped over near the Mississippi Glass factory, the horse getting away and that while he was hunting for it along the track he was struck and his body carried to where it was found on the engine pilot. This theory, although a trifle more feasible, is generally discredited because unless he went in directly the opposite direction from where the horse was found he would have to have been carried past the depot as in the other story.

The general opinion is that Mr. Coady was driving across the Red House bridge road where in some way he was thrown out of his cutter and the horse ran away; that when he discovered the horse was headed for town he decided to walk down the track, which is considerable nearer than by the road, and that he was struck by the pusher which backed down to Port Allegany to help the midnight flyer over the Keating Summit hill. This sounds more reasonable than any of the other stories because in backing down the engineer and fireman would be less apt to see a man on the track and in coming down the hill little steam is used, therefore the engine would not make much noise. We also believe there is a double track where he was killed and it would be very easy to have been caught by a still running engine in such case. The way the body lay and the injuries would also indicate that he was hit by a train moving slowly.

John S. Coady was born in Cape Britain, Nova Scotia, and was 49 years of age. About 17 years ago he came to Driftwood and entered into the business of lumber jobbing and later he came to this county and for several years was a jobber on Potato creek and about seven years ago he moved to Smethport, where he has since resided.

He was united in marriage to Miss Anna Nelder on Dec. 24, 1878, at Holton, Maine. Eight children were born to them, five of whom are living to mourn the double loss of a mother and father within a year. They are Mrs. Joseph E. Mundy of this borough, Mrs. H. F. Richardson of Washington, Pa., Misses Dora and Mary and a nine-months-old son, Jack. He also leaves two sisters, Mrs. G. McLeiod and Mrs. George McKinnon of Sidney, B. C., and three brothers, James of Patton, Me., Theodore of South Farmington, Me., and Kempton of Morgantown, W. Va., to mourn his sudden demise.

He was formerly a member of the I. O. O. F. at Driftwood and the K. O. T. M., but had dropped these orders. He was a member of Mackinee Tribe, I. O. R. M., and he had many friends who will unite with the family in mourning his untimely death.

The funeral services were held at the Baptist church at 2 p. m. Tuesday, Rev. G. H. Patterson, assisted by Rev. P. S. Calvin, officiating, and were attended by the I. O. R. M. in a body. His remains were laid at rest beside those of his wife in the family plot in Rose Hill cemetery.

MASONIC BANQUET.

It was Held at Hazelhurst Friday Night in Honor of B. F. Starsky.

In honor of one of their fellow townsmen and one of the foremost business men of that hustling village of Hazelhurst the members of the Masonic fraternity of that place decided to give a banquet last Friday night in honor of their worthy brother, Ben. F. Starsky, who has disposed of his business there and on Monday left for Buffalo where he intends to make his future home.

Invitations were sent out to members of the fraternity in Mt. Jewett, Smethport and adjoining towns and that evening about 50 friends of Mr. Starsky responded to the invitation by appearing at the hostelry of Fred Eckert, where the honors were done. The early part the evening was spent in greetings of old friends and the making of new ones and other forms of amusement, such as cards, etc.

At eleven o'clock it was announced that the good things were ready and the jolly party descended from the parlors to the dining room, which under the hands of Mine Host Eckhart and his able assistants had been most handsomely prepared for the occasion. The dinner, which consisted of seven most excellently prepared courses, was greatly enjoyed. When the repast was finished Toastmaster B. F. Potter arose and in a short but interesting talk assigned the toast "Welcome" to Guy B. Mayo, Worshipful Master of McKean Lodge, No. 388, of which Mr. Starsky is a member. "The Craft" was assigned to Guy H. McCoy; "The Ladies," to Percy E. Brown; "Our Guests," to James H. Hindle, and "Farewell" to Fred D. Gallup, all of which were briefly and well handled. Others were called upon and responded with short talks and in conclusion Mr. Starsky spoke of leaving Hazelhurst and his friends with deep regret, which his features and voice gave evidence as being most sincere.

At 1:30 the party broke up and after each had shook the hand of Brother Starsky and bade him a happy farewell the guests departed for home much pleased with an evening well spent.

Horses for Sale.

For sale four good business horses weighing from 950 to 1000 pounds; age disposition and prices are right. If you want a horse come and see us.

A. T. PALMER,
B. D. AMES.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 19, 1905.

House and Lots for Sale.

I offer for sale my house and barn on the north side of King street; also several very nice building lots within two minutes' walk of the court house.

W. F. SPECHT.

For Sale.

Desirable lot, 32x115 feet, on Main street, between Dr. Brown's office and J. W. Pickersgill's. Inquire of

JOHN BERGQUIST, Hazelhurst, Pa.

WANTED—A girl for house work. Reply to Mrs. Paul P. Lyon, Mt. Jewett, Pa.

A BEAUTIFUL WEDDING.

Marriage of Miss Jenette Hamlin to Mr. William Lewis Hammer.

The marriage of Miss Jenette Hamlin, daughter of Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin, to William Lewis Hammer of Welch, W. Va., was solemnized at noon last Tuesday at St. Luke's church. The rector, the Rev. J. Hebor McCandless, officiated. A large congregation had assembled before the hour appointed for the service, many particularly handsome and effective gowns being worn by the ladies present.

The Altar and Chancel Screen were profusely ornamented with flowers—Easter lilies and carnations, smilax and palms, arranged by Mr. J. R. Walkinshaw.

Prior to the service Mrs. Rena Walker rendered the following musical selections: "Wedding March," Elliott; "Andante Cantabile," Tours; "Evening Song," Seiss; "Processional March," Flagler; "Voluntary in E flat," Calkin.

Promptly at twelve the rector entered the chancel, the groom, accompanied by his brother, Mr. Fairbanks Hammer, who acted as best man, taking their places at the head of the aisle, as the organ pealed forth the bridal chorus from "Lohengrin." The bridal party then appeared moving up the main aisle. First came the ushers, Mr. Scott Redfield, and Mr. Adams of Lynchburg, Va. Miss Helen McCoy followed as the maid of honor, and wore a gown of brown voile, and brown chiffon hat, carrying a bouquet of bridesmaids roses. Then followed the bride leaning on the arm of her brother, Mr. Paul Delano Hamlin. She looked particularly lovely in a brown chiffon velvet suit and hat to match. In her hand she carried a shower bouquet of lilies of the valley.

The bride was met at the chancel steps by the groom. Here they plighted their troth and then advanced to the Altar, where the sacramental rite was solemnized and sacred benediction given upon their united lives. As the last words were pronounced the notes of the organ swelled into the stirring strains of the Mendelssohn wedding march, and the happy bridal pair passed from the church into a world made new and bright for them.

Following the service at the church a reception for the young friends and relatives of the bridal couple was given at Mrs. Eugenia Hamlin's residence on West Main street. The front room on the left, where the newly married couple received, was decorated with pink roses, and the room opposite with pink and white carnations, daffodils and jonquils were in the hall. The dining room was in red and white with festoons of smilax and white ribbon and a large cluster of jacqueminot roses on the bride's table. The many presents received by the bride were of great beauty and value, and were collected in the upper hall.

Mr. and Mrs. Hammer left on Tuesday afternoon for a wedding tour in the South, after which they will reside in Welch, Va., where Mr. Hammer has charge of a number of mines.

It is needless to say that this wedding has made a great change in many ways, and that no one could be missed in social circles, and in charitable and church work more than the young bride who has left us and who was so universally beloved for her good and noble character.

Among the out of town guests were: Mr. and Mrs. Wesley Hammer of Reading, Pa., Miss Eleanor Hammer and Mr. Fairbanks Hammer of Irwin, Pa.; Mr. and Mrs. Howard E. Merrill of Geneva, N. Y.; Mr. Adams of Lynchburg, Va., and Miss Katherine Knox of Coudersport, Pa.

The P., S. & N. R. R. Shops.

Since the Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern Railroad shops at St. Marys were destroyed by fire two weeks ago the people of nearly every town of any size along its line have been making a play to have the new shops located in their town, setting forth through the columns of their local papers the advantages to be derived by locating in their midst.

So far as we know the officials of the P., S. & N. R. R. have not intimated that the shops which were burned at St. Mary's will be rebuilt anywhere but on the old site, but in case the location is changed we believe Smethport will stand as good a show as any town along the line if our business men go after this industry with determination.

We think we are perfectly safe in saying that from the standpoint of natural location and advantage Smethport is the best point on the line for these shops. The people of our prosperous town are ready and willing to offer substantial inducements for this industry and about the only thing that appears to be lacking is for the board of trade to get together and make a concerted effort.

The Jewel Cake Griddle, the only only thing for baking pancakes. At

Holmes & Gilfillan's.

There is only one medicinal whiskey sold in Smethport. Ask for O. F. C. at Hotel Imperial.

Big bargains in baby push sleds at

Holmes & Gilfillan's.

THE PASSING OF HARRY ENGLISH

The End of a Romantic and Strenuous Life at the County Home.

DEATH OCCURRED FRIDAY LAST.

Episodes in the Career of a Man that Recall Memories of the Old Days in McKean County.

Harry English, formerly the "terror" of Northwestern Pennsylvania, died at the county home Friday. The escapades of English form stirring chapters in the history of this section of Pennsylvania. As a young man he was a physical marvel, handsome as to features and absolutely fearless. His powerful physique and magnetic personality made him friends in spite of numerous transgressions; and even among officers and staunch upholders of the law the intelligence and strength of the man excited admiration.

Broken in health and spirits, deserted by fair weather friends in his hour of need, about 10 years ago he entered the county home. Paralysis caused him to become quite helpless. He was obliged to wheel himself about in an invalid's chair and for years has awaited the end. In order to deaden the pain from which he incessantly suffered he became a confirmed victim of the morphine habit. His daily doses of the drug were large enough to kill an ordinary man, but English was not an ordinary man and years of illness and suffering were necessary to exhaust his magnificent vitality. His life was a sad example of misdirected abilities. Harry English may have erred, but in his checkered career are recorded many acts of kindness and generosity. He has expiated his physical crimes in a torment of physical suffering and it is not for man to judge him. Peace to his ashes.

The deceased leaves an aged father and two married sisters, whom, it is supposed, reside in Ohio. It is also reported that his widow resides in Indiana. Mr. English was about 58 years old at the time of his death. The remains were taken in charge by St. Elizabeth's congregation and buried in St. Elizabeth's cemetery.

Referring to the files of the MINER it is found that in 1880 Harry English was an outlaw and fugitive from justice. He was charged with committing various crimes of forgery and thieving in McKean county and had taken up his abode in Caledonia, a small town near St. Marys, Elk county. On Saturday morning, April 17, 1880, a posse of men headed by officers from St. Marys repaired to English's residence and Constables Volmer and Warnith and Justice of the Peace Burke entered the house. English fortified himself in a bedroom. While trying to force open the door Warnith was shot and almost instantly killed. English had fired at random through the door of the room and the bullet from the winchester rifle struck the officer in a vital spot. Volmer picked up the lifeless body of Warnith and carried it into the yard. While doing this work he was shot by English, who fired from an upper window, and was fatally injured. In the confusion that followed English escaped although wounded in several places. The commissioners of Elk county offered a reward of $1,000 for his capture, dead or alive. Hundreds of men immediately commenced to search the surrounding country.

On July 10 of the same year, English was captured in Sheboygan, Michigan, by J. R. Thomas, a Pinkerton detective, and brought to Ridgway. "A large crowd had assembled at the depot, many coming from surrounding towns to see the notorious outlaw. He was securely handcuffed. His arms were fastened to his sides with heavy leather straps and his feet were manacled so that he could not take a step over six inches in length." After English was lodged in jail he told a reporter of his wanderings. His story was in many respects the same as the following account given to the newspapers by the detective.

"After the encounter in which Frank Warnith was killed English fled across the fields with the officers firing at him. The bullets struck him in seven places. One ball passed through his thigh, two through the calf of his leg, two bullets lodged in his knee, one ball passed through his great toe and one through the thumb. English found shelter that night and next day in the woods on a hill southwest of Caledonia, where he witnessed the shotgun party starting out in pursuit of him. After they had left he started through the woods and, though suffering severely from his wounds, managed to reach St. Marys on the third day after the murder. There he went into a bakery and bought some bread and bologna sausage, sufficient for several days' rations, after which he started eastward on the P. & E. railroad and went into hiding two or three miles distant. He remained in the woods there five or six days, suffering severely from his wounds, which were inflamed from catching cold in the rain. Thence he traveled toward Dunkirk and on the road found a friend who sheltered and assisted him."

He made his way to Michigan and was finally captured by the detective, Thomas. It is also related in the MINER of July 22, 1880, that English could not walk because of his wounds for several days after the encounter at Caledonia. He tore up his shirt to make bandages and suffered severely while doing his own doctoring, and used nothing to relieve the pain but cold water. For weeks his wanderings formed a trail of torment. Detective Thomas expressed great admiration for the mental and physical ability of his prisoner and says that not one man in a thousand could have gone through with what he did and recover.

Through the zealous efforts of friends he was provided with skilled lawyers and his trial at Ridgway for the killing of Warnith resulted in his acquittal Saturday evening Sept. 25, 1880, the plea of self defense being successfully established. It is learned that evidence was introduced to show that the posse commenced firing into the house upon its arrival and that English was compelled to shoot to save his own life.

"He is a fine looking man, pleasant, but determined countenance, and has recovered from the wounds received last spring. His wife sat near him during the trial," says the MINER of Sept. 30.

He was also acquitted of the murder of Volmer, in fact, although a number of times under indictment for various crimes, there always appeared to be extenuating circumstances and his punishment was invariably light.

Columns could be written of episodes in the strenious career of this remarkable man. Kind, generous and faithful to his friends, stern and unrelenting to his enemies, contemptuous of the laws, a lover of liberty in the open air, an equal of three ordinary men in strength, gifted with marvelous physical courage, blessed with a sound and comprehensive intellect, Harry English's was a paradoxical personality, but one of the most interesting characters that this part of the country has ever produced.

Game and Fish Club Meet.

The McKean County Fish and Game Protective Association, at a meeting held last night at the Hotel Holley, elected Thomas H. Kennedy and O. G. Dorn as delegates to the State Fisheries convention to be conducted in Harrisburg on Tuesday, Jan. 31. The meeting was a most enthusiastic one and was attended by members of the association from Kane, Mt. Jewett, Smethport and intermediate points. It was decided to oppose the proposed amendment to the game laws changing the opening of the bird season from Oct. 15 to Nov. 1, and the representatives were urged to use their best endeavors to defeat the measure. No action was taken on the matter of poisoning foxes, weazels, etc., which was discussed at length, the members voting to postpone making a decision until the next meeting, pending which an opinion will be secured from Attorney General Carson.—Wednesday's Bradford Era.

"Why Girls Go Wrong."

After witnessing a performance of "Why Girls Go Wrong," a notable play achievement which will be sure to have a substantial hearing next Monday night at the Lyceum theatre, it is absolutely safe to predict a healthier moral tone in the community as the author has hit upon a theme the nature of which means a better comprehension of the enormity of the sins committed against womankind by certain unscrupulous villains.

The plot of this extraordinary specimen of stage literature is simple and direct, yet the sufferings of Virginia Morton, the victim of a dastardly mill owner, and the story of her escape from a life of misery and shame, furnishes an abundance of thought upon the conditions that exist everywhere.

If there were more such plays as well staged and as skillfully played there would be no need for deploring the decadence of American dramatic art.

For Sale.

I will sell my half interest in the Palmer & Vickery livery stable at a reasonable price for cash or approved paper. Inquire of

F. J. VICKERY,
Smethport, Pa.

Do you need any robes, blankets or bells to equip yourself for winter? If so call on Charles Lemmler. He has a line that you can be suited from and the prices are always the lowest for high grade goods.

My stock of blankets and robes is unusually good this season. The latest styles and the very best quality is to be found in my stock. CHAS. LEMMLER.

The Acme Cushion shoe for ladies is a relief to sore feet and corns. See them at Rubin's exclusive shoe store.

A complete stock of Enamel Ware and kitchen Furniture at

Holmes & Gilfillan's.

Try the Acme Cushion shoe for ladies. The easiest shoe made; at Rubin's shoe store.

Go to Charles Lemmler for robes, blankets and bells. No better line can be found.

ANCIENT HISTORY.

Happening in McKean County in Days of Old, Taken from the Files.

Owing to the unfavorable state of the weather last week Friday and Saturday, the Base Ball Tournament advertised for those days was postponed until the first three days of this week. Playing began Monday morning Sept. 10, 1877, and was concluded on Wednesday afternoon. The first prize ($50) was won by the Smethports, and the second prize by the Keystones of Port Allegany. The attendance was very large, especially on the first two days. The following clubs were entered and competed for the money and the honors:

Keystones, Port Allegany; Bucktails, Farmers Valley; Clermonts, Clermont; "Plug Hats" a picked up amateur nine of Smethport; and the Smethports of Smethport. The tournament was opened on Monday morning by the Keystones and the Clermonts. The game resulted as follows by innings:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Keystones	1	0	0	3	4	0	0	0	2	—10
Clermonts	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	0	— 1

In the afternoon of the same day the "Plug Hats" played the Bucktails with the result in favor of the Bucktails by a score of 8 to 30. The "Plug Hats" were thus ruled out, no doubt to the great satisfaction of themselves and loved ones, who trembled for their lives throughout the entire game.

The most exciting and interesting game of the tournament was played Tuesday morning between the Keystones and Smethports. The Keystones had entered with a strong team, and it was believed that the two clubs were very near equally matched. The game was won by the Smethports by the following score:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Smethports	3	5	0	2	3	3	0	0	0	—16
Keystones	2	2	0	0	1	0	1	2	2	—10

Tuesday afternoon the Smethports played the Bucktails, which game resulted in an overwhelming victory for the former club, and gave them the first prize. The score was as follows:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Smethports	2	2	7	3	0	5	3	2	2	—36
Bucktails	1	2	3	0	0	0	2	0	0	— 7

Wednesday morning the Keystones and Clermonts competed for the second prize with the following score:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Keystones	3	0	1	7	3	0	1	2	2	—19
Clermonts	0	0	0	1	0	0	0	0	1	— 2

In the afternoon of the same day the last game of the series was played, between the Keystones and Bucktails for second money. The score was as follows:

Innings	1	2	3	4	5	6	7	8	9	
Keystones	4	0	1	4	8	4	1	0	1	—37
Bucktails	0	0	1	2	0	0	1	3	0	— 7

Thus closed the tournament, giving an interesting show to many spectators, a $50 purse to the Smethports, and a $25 purse to the Keystones. The affair was well managed in the hands of the committee, and as a rule all seemed to have passed off harmoniously. We hear that some badly disappointed members of the Keystones asserted that the umpire, Mr. Gorton, decided against them and in favor of the Smethports, while it is claimed on the other hand quite as strongly that all disputed points were decided in favor of the Keystones. If there is a difference of opinion on that point no amount of argument, or hard words, will help the matter the least bit. It is hardly possible that in such an affair every one will be perfectly satisfied, least of all the barely defeated parties. Taken all in all the tournament may be considered a success, and rather a subject of mutual congratulations than bickerings.

Saturday, September 15, 1877, the Little Giants of Port Allegany, played a match game with the third nine of the Smethport club on the grounds of the latter. Both clubs were composed of boys not over 15 years of age. The Smethport boys won an easy victory, the score standing 49 to 9 in their favor. The game passed off very pleasantly, the little fellows showing better sense than their elders by accepting their defeat without whining or growling.

We don't mean to be aggravating in the least, but we wonder if our Port Allegany friends have any old men or old women who can play base ball?

The borough school is in full running order with between one and two hundred pupils and three teachers. [Sept. 1877.]

We are in receipt of cards announcing the marriage of Rev. O. Jay Rose, pastor of the Baptist church, and Miss Ella Oviatt, daughter of W. J. Oviatt, Esq., all of this place. The happy couple have our heartiest congratulations. [August 1877.]

Died.—At Berlin, Minn., Aug. 27, 1877, Mary E. Stule, daughter of Charles and Betsy R. Stule.

Died.—In Ceres, McKean county, Aug. 27, 1877, Henry Smith, in the 80th year of his age. Mr. Smith was the youngest and last of the family of Thomas Smith who came from England and settled in Ceres about the beginning of the present century.

Subscribe for the MINER.

The Twin Brothers

By ZOE ANDERSON NORRIS

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May 25.—After Supper.

DEAREST—I like this place you have sent me to. It is lovely, but it does seem a shame for me to be spending the summer in the country with the birds and flowers, with you there in New York working away so hard to support us.

I know what you said. You would rather work in New York than idle anywhere else. But that was only your sweetness.

I remember the joke you got off, too, when I said I believed me grew more contented with one's lot in the country, and you said you thought you would if it were a lot in a cemetery.

Then how you wrote it up and sold it for $2.

We might make our expenses, mightn't we, if only we could think up enough jokes? But the trouble with jokes is they are no good unless they are spontaneous—that is, not much.

If you would only let me help you, but you won't. I shall never forget the time I made the shirt waist for your friend. It is the only thing I can do—sew. How you took her to the theater to a supper afterward and gave her your prettiest piece of bric-a-brac, so that altogether it amounted to about four times as much as she paid me for making the waist. You hated so to be under obligations.

I can't help you in that way evidently. As a matter of fact, I have thought it all out and concluded that the only thing for me to do is to marry. That is plain, it seems to me, as the nose on your face.

The whippoorwills sing mighty mournfully sometimes in the country. They are singing now. Good night, dear. Your loving MABEL.

May 30, After Supper.

Little Mousey—There is the dearest girl here you ever saw. She has been here all winter, I don't know why, but I think it is because she has no home. Her mother is dead.

I don't know what I should do if you were dead, mousey.

Guess what this little girl has done. Caught a bean. Yes, way out here in the country. A splendid farmer who owns a big farm not far from here.

She is sweet, but a plain little thing. She hasn't half the good looks that this chicken has inherited from somebody I know. No, thanks for that. So maybe there is a chance yet for yours truly.

MABEL.

May 30, Same Old Time.

Dearest—They all go to bed at 8. Accordingly there is nothing to do but read or write, so I write. The girl Delia has told me all about it. She is going to be married soon. She asked me to go to Middletown with her to buy her wedding dress. I went. It was fun. Her sweetheart sent his run-

SHE TOLD ME ABOUT HER SWEETHEART.

about for us. We rolled along the country road—it was awfully sweet, with flowers on either side—chirping like two magpies, telling each other everything we knew.

She told me about her sweetheart. He has a twin brother. They are so alike, she says, you can't tell them apart. Funny, isn't it? And they have grown to be too large to wear blue and pink ribbons on their wrists, like the twins you see in baby carriages.

It was very interesting. One day, she said, Tom—that is the one she isn't engaged to—came to see her and sat with his arm around her waist the longest time out on the veranda—you can do that in the country where nobody passes along—sat there until Dick—the one she is engaged to—came up the steps and stared at them and roasted his brother out and took his place. Wasn't that queer? She said she believed all the time Tom knew in his heart that he was Tom and not Dick. She wondered why he did it.

Well, anyway, we bought the prettiest white silk mull dress you ever saw for her church wedding—it is to be very private—and I am going to help her make it. Wouldn't you?

I think, dearest, if you have no objection, I shall make a dead set to that

"I AM SORRY I DISTURBED YOU."

other twin, Tom. He has another farm that matches his brother's somewhere about. A large, fine farm in New York state! Think of that! It's not to be sneezed at, is it? At least, that is the opinion of your devoted MABEL.

June 5.

Mousey—A queer thing has happened. I was tired. We had been sewing all day on the wedding dress, Delia and I, and I had stretched myself out in the hammock on the veranda to rest.

I hadn't been there half an hour and had fallen asleep when I was awakened by a touch of something on my cheek. I started up and confronted Tom, who had been there watching me for I don't know how long. I wonder if I snore. Do I, dearest?

He said, "I am sorry I disturbed you." But, looking at the long peacock feather with which he had touched my cheek, I was inclined to be slightly incredulous.

"I don't believe you," I returned. "What did you wake me for? I was having such a nice nap."

"I wanted to talk to you," said he.

With that he sat down by me in the hammock—I had sat straight up when he wakened me—and pushed it for me with his foot.

We had grown to be rather friendly in the past few days in between the making of the dress. I was laughing and talking with him and joking when Delia came up the walk with Dick.

He was bending over her.

"How fond they are of each other!" I said to Tom half jealously. Then I looked up and found Tom's eyes on me with an expression in them that made me blush.

These country farmers are very susceptible! It doesn't take long.

By now Delia stood on the veranda directly in front of us. She was gazing at Tom with a puzzled look.

Then she turned to Dick.

"I am getting all mixed up on the neckties," she said. "Did you change yours, Dick? I thought when you came you had on a blue one, and now it is black."

Dick laughed.

"Silly!" he cried. "It was your lively imagination."

Do you know, I don't get lonely at all now, dearest, when I hear the whippoorwills. I am beginning to love them. Isn't it strange how you get used to things in this strange old world? Good night, my little mater. Your loving MABEL.

June 10, at 10 o'Clock.

Dearest—I am writing you the hour to show how we have improved in the matter of staying up. The twins have just gone.

The wedding dress is finished. It is beautiful. I shirred the yoke. Shirring is going to be so fashionable this summer, you know. Then I am very nimble with my needle when it comes to doing little fine things like that. It is a merciful thing that I am nimble at something, isn't it, love?

I am not an adept at telling twins apart. I can tell you that. I never know Dick from Tom, though Tom is making violent love to me, and Dick is hovering over his bride elect with all the fervor that could possibly be expected of him.

Then Dick says he is Dick, and Tom says he is Tom; and you've got to take their word for it. That's all there is to it. Except for that and, as I say, their manner toward us I could never tell t'other from which.

At first we could tell by their neckties, but they have taken to wearing the same color. So there you are!

What do you think of marrying a man who is so exactly like another man? Not that he has asked me yet—that is, he hasn't asked me in so many words—but what do you think?

Answer at once, dear. Your affectionate MABEL.

P. S.—I haven't told you for a long, long time how much I love you. I do love you.

June 30, at 12.

Dearest—You will never believe what has happened. I can hardly believe it myself.

First, the wedding came off with great eclat—that's what they call it in the papers, isn't it?—and Delia was a dream in her little white dress we had made her. I had on my dress you gave me and looked pretty fair, considering.

We had beautiful flowers, and the twins were magnificent.

You couldn't tell which was which, as usual, until Dick stood with Delia at the altar, then walked out with her to the tune of the wedding march. And that left Tom with me.

We drove, all four of us, to the home of the bride, and Tom and I concluded to walk back again through the hedges and byways, listening to the whippoorwills and those other birds that fill the country night with so much melody.

We were quiet awhile, thinking over the wedding, for weddings are solemn things, dearest. They are so uncertain. You never know whether they are to blossom into happiness or divorce. But by and by Tom began to talk.

I had been listening to a bird that was singing somewhere in the wood, but at the first few words I forgot the bird and listened to him.

"I am not Tom," was what he said. "I am Dick."

How would you have taken that, dearest? Wouldn't it have given you something of a jar?

It did me.

"I thought I loved Delia," he went on, "until I saw you. But Tom—he has always loved Delia. It broke his heart when I asked her to marry me. I thought he'd never get over it. Then when you came and he saw how I began to care for you he begged me to let him have Delia.

"She shall never know," he said. 'You remember that time I sat on the veranda with my arm around her and

"I AM NOT TOM."

she thought I was you? Well, she shall think it is you till the end of time. She shall never know.'

"What could I do," he burst out, "loving you, but to let him have her? Was it unfair to her? I think not; I am sure not. Not half so unfair as to marry her, being you. What else could I do?

"Forget, will you think of more than one must, on a night in late May?

I'm afraid I will. [illegible] with a [illegible] whenever he wants to come to visit me.

However I think that after our diamond rings I shall have Dick tattooed just a little on the wrist with a bird or a flower so I can tell him from Tom, if I don't have it done before. MABEL.

The Power of a Coin.

How that baby did cry! Its triple expansion lung power was altogether too much for its tired looking mother, who strove in vain to keep it quiet. Sentiment in the crowded car was divided between sympathy and annoyance. It was in the heart of the shopping district, and the passengers were mostly women who usually have little sympathy for babies exhibited in public other than their own. Two stylishly dressed women got aboard bearing flowers and packages that indicated costly purchases. They couldn't even become strap hangers. They stood directly in front of the howling baby.

"Poor little thing!" said one. "Tired to death, I suppose. So am I. For a good cry like that right here this minute I would cheerfully give $10."

Opening her purse, she took out a fifty cent piece and gave it to the baby. "Get in a few extra screams for me, little one!" she said.

The baby promptly put the coin in its mouth and stopped crying. The passengers looked relieved. The woman who gave it the coin looked alarmed.

"Ach, dot makes no differences," said the grateful mother. "Ven he griesat home I gives him a spoon to put in his moud. But I forgod to bring vun ven I comes out."—New York Press.

Saved the Carriage.

In his "Reminiscences of an Irish Land Agent" the author, Sam Hussey, tells of one of the earliest private carriages used in Kerry: "The vehicle in question had just been purchased by a certain Miss Mullins, who regarded it on its arrival with almost sacred awe. A dance in the neighborhood seemed an appropriate opportunity for impressing the county with her newly acquired grandeur; but, the night proving wet, she insisted on reverting to a former mode of progression and rode pillion behind her coachman. The result was that she caught a violent chill, which turned to pneumonia. When her relatives were assembled round her deathbed the old lady exclaimed between her last gasps for breath, 'Thank goodness I never took out the carriage that wet night!'"

Knew Her Mamma.

Policeman—Well, my little dear, if you can't tell me your mother's name or where she lives, how are we to find her? Little Girl (lost while out shopping)—Jes' put me in a shop window, an' mamma 'll be sure to see me.

OPERA GLASSES.

Poor Ones Are the Cause of a Host of Ocular Infirmities.

The woman was not old, but she complained that her eyesight was failing fast. The oculist was a fatherly looking old gentleman; consequently he felt privileged to put a few questions decidedly personal and apparently non-professional.

"Do you go to the theater often?" he asked.

"Once or twice a week."

"In what part of the house do you sit?"

"Usually in the top gallery," came the hesitating reply.

"And now what grade of opera glasses do you use?"

"I'm afraid," said the woman, "that they are not good."

"I thought so," said the doctor. "That's what's the matter with your eyes. Poor opera glasses are ruining them. If I had my way there wouldn't be a cheap pair of opera glasses on the market. They are death to the eyes. A couple of seasons of theater going in the top gallery with poor glasses for a steady competition are sure to damage the best pair of eyes in town. Better a hundred times let the glasses alone. If you have a good, strong pair, all right—go ahead and use them. If not, trust to the naked eye for making out the mysteries of the play. The sight will not suffer half so much.

"Poor glasses will not focus properly, and any one who uses them frequently, especially at that distance from the stage, is sowing the seed of headaches, dancing lights and stars, wrinkles and a host of other ocular infirmities."—Chicago Tribune.

HISTORY OF SHEEP.

Associated With Mankind From the Earliest Known Days.

Of all domesticated animals the sheep has from time immemorial been most closely associated with mankind, writes R. Henry Rew in Outing. An erudite author sixty years ago, having laboriously collated an assortment of allusions to sheep made by sacred and profane writers, concluded that "the history of these animals is so interwoven with the history of man that they never existed in a wild state at all." Biblical history from the time of Abel is full of allusions to the flocks which formed the chief possessions of the Jewish people and their neighbors. The spoils of war and the tribute of vassal kings largely consisted of sheep. Thus we read that Mesha, king of Moab, was a sheep master and rendered unto the king of Israel a hundred thousand lambs and a hundred thousand rams with the wool. Moses after his victory over the Midianites obtained as loot no less than 675,000 sheep, and long before the Christian era sheep were cultivated in western Europe.

Spain and Italy possessed them from an unknown period, although long after Rome was founded the inhabitants had not learned to shear the fleece, and until the time of Pliny the practice of plucking it from the skin was not wholly abandoned, so long that the bumble shepherds of Syria preceded in their knowledge of necessary arts the future conquerors of their country.

THE KING GANDER.

Don't Shoot Him or You'll Get as Crazy as a Coot.

Never been told of a king gander, I s'pose. Not much folk thinks. The skimps that write the bird books says there ain't no such critter, but I know better. Been so one.

There ain't never but one king gander in these parts. A country never has but one king at a time, but a king gander's a real king, that's what he is. It ain't jest because he's the biggest gander of any or the knowin'est. It's somethin' more. He's kind of a sacred gander, he is, and there ain't a wild goose that flies but knows it. He's captain of 'em all, an' it's only the pick of the geese that flies with him.

Ner that ain't all neither. What do you s'pose become of that big king gander Bill shot? Ever hear of a dead gander bein' carried off by his flock, restin' on their backs an' them a honkin' out a reg'lar buryin' dirge? Well, I've said enough. Fact is I've said all I dare say.

But I tell you this: If ever you have a chanst to shoot a king gander don't you do it. 'Twin't good luck. If you don't believe it look at my brother Bill. He killed one—least ways he shot him—and then what happened? Only the Lord and Bill Hickins knows. An' Bill 'll never tell. Why not? 'Cause he's been as crazy as a coot ever since—yes, sir, crazy as a coot.—Outing.

FOOD AND WEATHER.

Why People Eat More in Winter Than They Do in Summer.

It has been shown that the consumption of food increases in direct proportion to the decrease in temperature. We eat more in winter than in summer, and the inhabitants of the temperate regions require more food than those of the tropic zone.

This is due to several causes. In the first place air is denser in colder climates and more oxygen is taken in with each breath, so that a greater supply of carbon—derived from food—is necessary in order that the two gases may combine in their proper proportions for the maintenance of bodily heat. Again, the inhabitant of a cold climate usually has to work harder than the more fortunate southerner, whose wants decrease as nature becomes more generous. The harder the daily labor the greater the amount of food required.

Climate not only affects the quantity but also the quality of the food consumed. The Eskimo could not live upon the dainties of nature which load the tables of the poorest in the tropics, for the conditions of his existence require the consumption of an enormous amount of fatty matter, so that blubber is to him a chief necessary of life.

A Woman's No.

"Of course two negatives make an affirmative."

"But when there is a woman in the case one is sufficient."—New York Press.

TOBACCO SMOKE.

The Reason That Some of It Is Blue and Some Gray.

Smoke consists of minute particles of solid or liquid matter suspended in the air, and its color depends partly upon the chemical constitution of such particles, but also largely upon their size. Exact experiment has shown that, as the size of minute particles suspended in air is gradually increased, they give rise to colors varying from sky blue down through the whole range of the spectral scale. This is the cause of sunset and sunrise colors in the sky. Its effects can also be traced in the case of the two kinds of tobacco smoke, modified by the murky tints of the carbonaceous products. The smoke given off from the heated surface of the burning tobacco in the bowl of the pipe consists of matter all of which has been highly heated and very fully oxidized and decomposed. It consists mainly of exceedingly small, solid particles, exhibiting by virtue of their smallness a bluish color. On the other hand, that smoke which has been drawn through the tobacco into the mouth of the smoker carriers with it a relatively large quantity of water and hydrocarbon, which are condensed upon the solid particles above mentioned. The relatively large size of such particles explains the well known grayish color of the smoke which issues from the mouth of the smoker.

GREEK SUPERSTITIONS.

Some of the Old Mythological Beliefs Still Prevail.

"Some of the superstitions of the old mythologic religion still prevail among the peasant classes in Greece," said a native of that country. "Not are the educated classes without such beliefs, such as that harm ensues from looking at the moon over the right shoulder. The belief in the three fates, the evil eye, the vampires and the nereids is general. Dressed in black and appearing as old women, the fates are supposed to come down from Olympus three days after the birth of a child and to hold a meeting to determine its fate. Consequently a table containing many dainties is set out for their invisible enjoyment. Especial care is taken lest the old ladies be enraged at not having enough good things to eat.

"No woman desires to be left alone after her child is born, believing that the ugly old women may become jealous and wreak some awful vengeance. Snuff is therefore smeared on the faces of the youngsters so that this jealousy may not become excited.

"The young Athenian women frequently go to the ancient tombs near Athens and, calling upon the fates, beg them to reveal the identity of their future husbands, singing, 'From the top of Olympus, where are the fates, where is my own fate?'"—Washington Post.

THINKING TO DEATH.

Melancholy Brooding That Is Worse Than Disease.

Thousands of people actually think themselves to death every year by allowing their minds to dwell on morbid subjects.

The idea that one has some incipient disease in one's system, the thought of financial ruin, that one is setting on in life without improving prospects, any of these or a thousand similar thoughts may carry a healthy man to a premature grave. A melancholy thought that fixes itself upon one's mind needs as much doctoring as physical disease. It needs to be eradicated from the mind or it will have just the same result as a neglected disease would have.

Every melancholy thought, every morbid action and every nagging worry should be resisted to the utmost, and the patient should be protected by cheerful thoughts, of which there is a bountiful store in every one's possession. Bright companions are cheaper than drugs and plasters.

The morbid condition of mind produces a morbid condition of body, and if the disease does happen to be in the system it receives every encouragement to develop. We need more mental therapy.—Suggestions.

Perfumes as Disinfectants.

It is a well known fact that workers among lavender beds seldom take infectious ailments, and those engaged in the perfumery trade are singularly free from them. A good perfume in the old days was considered an excellent disinfectant. The doctors then used to carry walking sticks with silver or gold knobs. These opened with a lid, disclosing a tiny vinaigrette box, which the physician held to his nose when entering rooms containing patients ill with any infectious diseases.

Not Too Fast.

"Don't you sometimes think we are living too fast?"

"No, I used to, but I soon cured that impression. I moved out to a suburb and rode in to work every day on an accommodation train."—Exchange.

Men Mustn't Be Selfish.

A man should feel the obligation to bring gayety into the lives of all those whom he loves. The fact that the routine of the day has been dull doesn't excuse him for being glum and silent at his evening meal.—Arthur S. Pier.

Don't Whine.

"It doesn't pay to talk 'bout you troubles," said Uncle Eben. "De mo' you hollers 'bout gettin' cheated in a mule trade de less chance you has of workin' de mule off on somebody else."—Washington Star.

Money may not make the man, but that doesn't prevent the man from trying to make money.

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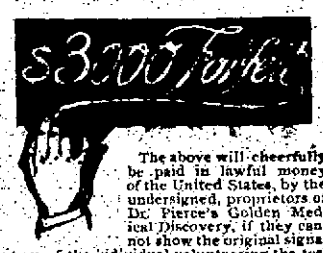

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"About a year ago I had a very bad cough and feared it would run into consumption," writes Hon. Geo. W. Lynch, of 27 Mason Street, Worcester, Mass. "When a severe attack of coughing would come on vomiting would set in. Matter accumulated in nose and my tonsils were irritated. After reading of the wonderful cures resulting from Dr. Pierce's Golden Medical Discovery began to use it, with some doubts as to the good it would do me, I am frank to say. But, after I had used one bottle I noticed quite a change for the better. Ordered five more bottles and before I had used them all the cure was complete. There is not now a trace of cough or cold in my system and my health is perfect."

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C. J. VANBLAD.

THE BIG STORE.

McKean County Miner

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 26, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—E. M. Cheeseman is seriously ill at his home on South street with erysipelas.

—The McKean County Teachers' Association held a meeting at Derrick City Saturday. Over 60 teachers were present and a very interesting session was held.

—Attorney Morton L. Willis of Smethport has received the appointment as notary of the General Judiciary Committee of the House in Harrisburg. The duties of the position will require his presence at the capital throughout the legislative session.—Bradford Era.

—With all the details of a magnificent scenic production, and with a cast of carefully selected players of note, "Why Girls Go Wrong," a melodrama replete with thrilling innovations to accentuate the story of virtue's triumph and the punishment of vice, the patrons of the Lyric Theatre may confidently anticipate an exceptional treat next Monday night.

The conference of the United Brethren church, which meets once in four years, will this year be held in Topeka, Kansas, next May. The following delegates from Erie conference have been elected, ministerial delegates: Rev. Henninghoff, Fredonia, N. Y.; J. E. D. D., Buffalo, N. Y.; Rev. N. McIntyre, Union City, Pa.; lay delegates: Mrs. O. J. Gage, Bradford, Pa.; Mrs. Love, Rixford, Pa.; Daniel Schaffer, Records, Pa.

For some time past the proprietors of the Ideal Restaurant have been annoyed by missing pieces of table ware. Now it has become so regular that they have decided to put a stop to this practice even if arrests have to be made. Saturday night a pair of solid silver salt and pepper shakers were stolen for the second time. The theft lies between two parties and unless the stolen articles are returned steps will be taken to recover the goods and punish the guilty party. Judging from the character of the parties who are under suspicion we are inclined to believe that the articles were taken more in the spirit of getting souvenirs than from the motive of gain by theft, but as the proprietors cannot afford such expensive souvenirs with all night lunches the articles needed by them as theft and will be dealt with as such unless amends are promptly made.

As It Looked on the Map.

Of every hundred tourists who visit the Canary Islands quite seventy-five are British. Naturally, therefore, the natives of the Canary Islands take a great interest in everything which affects England. It is perhaps a pity that their general ignorance is not a little less appalling, but their very disregard for accuracy lends a certain "charm" to their conversation. A man in a barber's shop pointed to a dilapidated map of the world which was nailed to the wall, and, putting his forefinger upon Spain, he exclaimed: "If war breaks out, Spain must retake Gibraltar. Have no fear. The English ships may come down to us because it is all downhill, but after we have crippled them they will not find it so easy to get back to England, because it is all uphill."

Deceptions of Wild Birds.

Falcons—hawks, the largest species—can compress their features and look very slim if they think it necessary to do so. As to the owls, they can bump up into any position they think most suitable. It is useless to look for these self preserving traits in any of the family kept in zoological collections, for the birds are so accustomed to see large numbers of people passing and repassing or standing in front of them that they treat the whole matter with perfect indifference. They know that at a certain time their food will be brought to them and that they are otherwise perfectly safe. Then the raptores in a wild state have a bloom on their plumage like the bloom on a bunch of grapes, which is not often seen when in captivity.

A Compromise.

In the nursery the letter of the law occasionally leaves something to be desired, according to the London Chronicle. A very little lady had been told that it was rude to contradict. She schooled herself not to contradict with great conscientiousness, but one day a half jesting accusation made against her by some unsuspecting member of the grownup part of the house nearly made her fall from a state of grace. Luckily her imagination supplied her with a compromise. In a voice trembling with tears and passion she gasped out, "I—I really think you are mistaken—you—you beast!"

Love.

It is hard to preserve equanimity and greatness on that debatable ground between love and esteem. There is nothing so stable and undluctuating as love. The waves beat steadfast on its shore forever, and its tide has no ebb. It is a resource in all extremities and a refuge even from itself. And yet love will not be leaned on.—H. D. Thoreau in Atlantic.

Wild Licorice.

A bundle of licorice root—slim, rough sticks of tobacco brown wood—lay on the counter, and the sailor took one up and began to chew its end.

"I have seen the place where this stuff grows wild," he said. "Do you know where that is?"

"Can't say I do," replied the druggist.

"It is along the banks," said the sailor, "of the Tigris and the Euphrates. The licorice is a wild plant in those parts. It stands three feet high, and its roots reach the water. For miles and miles the licorice patches spread, and the smell of them fills the air. It is a sweet, heavy smell.

"In those parts they cut the licorice plants regularly, and they use the poor, crooked, imperfect sticks for firewood. The good, clean, straight sticks they bundle up—just like this bundle here—and ship to England and America. Some of the sticks go to druggists, to be sold cheap or given away; but most of them, nearly all of them, go to the snuff and tobacco manufacturers. What for? Why, to be used in adulter—I mean in flavoring tobacco and snuff."—Baltimore Herald.

The Warning In a Sneeze.

"As a general thing sneezing is nature's warning to get warmer in some way or other, and quickly," is the gist of an article by Dr. W. R. Conant in Modern Medical Science.

"The question of temperature and ventilation," he says, "is one of the most difficult winter problems. So much depends upon circumstances and individual idiosyncrasy that it is hard to lay down any definite rules. An indoor temperature which is suitable for a vigorous person or one in active motion is dangerous for one who is delicate or sitting and doing hand work exclusively.

"As a general rule, it may be said that a temperature that falls much below 70 degrees at four feet from the floor is dangerous for sedentary workers, and any one who continues sitting when he feels chilled does so at the risk of his life."

A Visit From the Bayleys.

The servant at No. 1 told the servant at No. 2 that her master expected his old friends, the Bayleys, to pay a visit, and No. 2 told No. 3 that No. 1 expected to have the Bayleys in the house every day, and No. 3 told No. 4 that it was all up with No. 1 and that they couldn't keep the bailiffs out, whereupon No. 4 told No. 5 that the officers were after No. 1 and that it was as much as he could do to prevent himself from being taken in execution and that it was nearly killing his poor, dear wife, and so it went on increasing and increasing until it got to No. 33 that the detective police had taken up the gentleman who lived at No. 1 for killing his poor, dear wife with arsenic and that it was confidently hoped and expected that he would be executed, as the facts of the case were very clear against him.—London Mail.

His Deep, Deep Grief.

The Fulton (Kan.) Gazette reports that a minister of that town was moved by the grief of a husband whose wife was to be buried and sought to commiserate him in the following manner: "My brother, I know that this is a great grief that has overtaken you, and though you are compelled to mourn the loss of this one who was your companion and partner in life I would console you with the assurance that there is another who sympathizes with you and seeks to embrace you in the arms of unfailing love." To this the bereaved man replied by asking, as he gazed through tears into the minister's face, "What's her name?"

"Mad as a Hatter."

What is the derivation of the phrase "Mad as a hatter?" One explanation is that it was originally French. "As mad as an oyster" (huitre), that divulve being supposed to be extremely unintellectual. Another theory is that the phrase had reference to Collins, the English poet, author of the "Ode to the Passions." He was a hatter at Chichester, and it has been said that the lunatics with whom he was confined at one time called him "the hatter" and that the phrase originated thus.

Full of Business to the End.

Commercial Traveler (wrecked on a desert island to cannibals)—Well, since you're determined to eat me kindly do me one last favor. Use our brand of mustard for the sauce. It improves the flavor of all meat. It never molds or absorbs moisture. You'll find a sample box in my right hand coat pocket.

Bad Case.

A London curate the other day received an astonishing answer to an inquiry after a parishioner's health.

"Well, sir," said the parishioner, "sometimes I feels anyhow; sometimes I feels nohow, and there be times when I feels as stiff as a himmidge!"—Smith's Weekly.

Too Expensive.

First Promoter—You say $50,000,000 is about the value of your mine holdings? Second Promoter—They're worth every bit of it. First Promoter—You ought to incorporate. Second Promoter—I would, but it costs $2 to incorporate in this state.—Pittsburg Post.

Natural.

"I say, I have just come from my landlord's, and, would you believe it, I had the greatest difficulty in the world to get him to accept a little money."

"Nonsense! And why, pray?"

"Because he wanted a lot!"

Revised Shakespeare.

Shylock—I'll have my pound of flesh. Antonio—Go ahead, old man. The doctor says I've got to reduce my weight.—Town Topics.

I have money to loan on real estate no matter where located, at 4½ and 5 per cent. interest. There is no reason for paying a larger interest than this. If you have real estate that will warrant a loan, write to me about it. All correspondence strictly confidential.

F. Armington Peavey,
Mortgage Broker,
1090 Fulton St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

The Imperturbable Turk.

Collecting money from Turkey is a heartbreaking enterprise. A distinguished American once went there to collect a debt of $500,000 owing to an English syndicate, which included two members of parliament and a cabinet minister. He expected to see the business through in two or three months. But a foreign ambassador undeceived him. "Say three or four months and then you will be as far off from obtaining your money as you are today," he remarked. Men had gone out there to prosecute claims, he added, whose hair had turned gray with the strain to which they were subjected and who had gone home thoroughly broken in health, unable to obtain a Turkish lira to show for years of fruitless labor. One victim of Turkish duplicity and procrastination died in a lunatic asylum. One of the embassies had been twenty-five years prosecuting claims without realizing a cent.

Was an Forbidden Ground.

"A debating society was formed in one of the counties of my district," said a Kentucky congressman, "and among the first questions debated was, 'Resolved, That the negroes have more cause for complaint than the Indians.'

"It was stipulated the arguments should be confined to the United States. The first disputant on the affirmative opened with a speech to sustain his position, every word of which was listened to with close attention by the chairman. The disputant for the negative made a few remarks in answer and then turned to the Bible and commenced reading passages for the purpose of proving that some of the points made by his opponent were not backed up by the good book.

"The chairman stopped him with: 'Halt right where you are, Jim. Don't go any further. You have gone out of the United States for argument.'"—Nashville Banner.

A Robust Babe.

Sir John Richard Robinson in his "Fifty Years of Fleet Street" tells of an amusing incident during the visit of the Swazi deputation from the Transvaal to England at the close of 1894: "The Swazi braves went to Windsor and had an audience of her majesty Queen Victoria. They were very graciously received. One of their number began to speak, and an interpreter followed him phrase by phrase. 'We come, O great mother,' he said, 'to bring to you our babe. Take him, O mother, to thy knees; fold him to thy breast.' Here the queen, half frightened, exclaimed: 'But where is the child? I don't see him. Where is he?' 'Here, O mother,' said the Swazi gravely, at the same time bringing forward a big black about six feet high and weighing well over 200 pounds. 'He is here.'"

Flogging.

The Jewish rabbis had a legend which carries corporal punishment back to the days of our first parents, which is quaintly reflected in that modern schoolboy's play upon names, "Adam-Seth-Eve-Cain-Abel."

Of course there is, too, the warning of Solomon, "He that spareth the rod hateth his son," or the old Egyptian proverb, "The back of a lad is made that he may hearken to him that beats it," but if we must go on history alone the earliest records belong to the Romans, who practiced flogging in several degrees of severity.

There were the ferula, a flat strip of leather, a comparatively mild persuader; the scutica, a harsher instrument of twisted parchment, and the flagellum, a cruel scourge of leather thongs.

Diamonds on Board Ship.

Millions of dollars' worth of diamonds are imported into this country every year. In carrying packages of such tremendous value over seas extraordinary precautions are taken. They are immured in strong safes and so carefully guarded that not an instance has ever been recorded in which diamonds have been lost or stolen, though a man could easily walk off with half a million dollars' worth of gems in his waistcoat pockets were it not that it is one of the most difficult undertakings in the world to commit such a theft or even to find where the gems are stored on shipboard.

Coffins as Furniture.

A man living at Queensbury not only uses his coffin as a piece of household furniture, but he has also a grave made in the local churchyard headed by a gravestone on which his name is set out in conventional style. Underneath is the line, "Not dead, but waiting."

One man at Tong, near Bradford, kept his Sunday clothes in his coffin, and another, who ate porridge at breakfast, used his coffin as a meal bin.

Some years ago a Keighly man kept butterfly specimens in his coffin.—London Mail.

Shaftesbury's Retort.

When a member of a church congress at Manchester argued that the introduction of the custom of cremation would endanger belief in the resurrection of the dead the reply of Lord Shaftesbury silenced any further doubt when he asked, "What, then, has become of the holy martyrs who were cremated?"

The Fountain of Youth.

Mr. Jones—My daughter is only eighteen. You had better wait until she is older. The Lover—Well, I've waited two years for her to get older, but she still stays at eighteen.—Judge.

The Usual Cause.

"Reggie, can you spell kitten?"

"No, mother."

"But what do you go to school for?"

"Only 'cause you make me, mother," said Reggie sadly.

What makes life dreary is the want of motive.

NELSON & BEARIKLE

The New Livery and Sales Stable.

Connected with St. Elmo Hotel, Fraley St., Kane, Pa.

First-class accommodations for the care of horses and vehicles.

Satisfactory service guaranteed.

The Soul of the Tailor.

The soul of the craftsman can express itself more fully and clearly in tailoring than in any other trade. If the tailor's thoughts are poetic, he can issue pastorals in colors that are charmingly suggestive of hillside or meadow, foliage or waving grain. He can make his overcoats speak of bleak December, his dress suits of frolic and festivities, his frock coats of dignity and wealth, his cutaways of self content and his sacks of strenuousness, and he can make his waistcoats jingle like limericks, his trousers sing of sunshine or of rain and mud, his spring suits chortle of hope and joy and his summer suits prattle of flowers. If he is an artist, he can make overcoat, undercoat, waistcoat or trousers seem a sensuous haze, a reverie in color, a riot of action or a vigorous portrayal of conflicting emotions in a decimated field of desolation, and if he is a musician he can impart to his sartorial creations an expression that suggests the bleating of a lamb, the clashing of cymbals, the rattat of a drum, the ragtime movement of a cakewalk, the wail of despair, the shout of triumph, the roar of a lion or the bray of an ass. —Sartorial Art Journal.

The Poison of Dishonesty.

It is astonishing how men will play with the poison of dishonesty, which is so insidious at first, which intoxicates and stimulates one, but paralyzes and kills later. If every youth were only taught that to be successful a man must be greater than his occupation, that his character must not be for sale at any price, that he will always be rich so long as he retains it and just in proportion to its strength and integrity, and weak and unhappy and a failure, no matter how much money he may have, just in proportion to the weakness of his character; if he only started out with the conviction that only one real failure is possible, and that is the loss of self respect, the barter of one's character, either for pleasure or for money, if the youth were only taught that he cannot afford to deceive even a little bit in the quality of goods he is selling or in the quality of the service he is giving, what a revolution would come to our civilization!—Success.

And She Believed It.

"Henry," said his wife, "what do you need to take so many bottles along for when you're only going fishing?"

"So we can have something to pork up messages in and throw overboard, dear," he replied, "if anything should happen to the boat."

"Oh, I see. Well, do be careful, Henry. I shall be awfully uneasy."—Chicago Tribune.

The Best Man at His Wedding.

Haskins—By the way, who was the best man at your wedding? Willowby—The parson seemed to be feeling the best. You see, it was all profit for him and no risk whatever.—Boston Transcript.

DOUBLY JOYFUL

holidays are in store for those who accept our services First because our

Plumbing

is the kind that stays good for a long time. Second because we do it quickly and get away. Third because our bill means a substantial saving over the usual charges for such work. Any plumbing to do?

EDGAR W. STRONG,

BOTH 'PHONES. KOHEN BLOCK. Smethport.

C. A. BURDICK

Dealer in the following high-grade pianos:

The A. B. Chase, The Van Dyke, Bush & Gerts, Story & Clark, Packard and Malcolm Love.

Wheeler & Wilson, Domestic and other Sewing Machines.

Also representing the Michigan Mutual Life Insurance Co., Standard Life and Accident Insurance Co. and Eleven of the largest Fire Insurance Companies in the United States.

C. A. BURDICK.

Main Street, Smethport, Pa.

Palmer & Vickery

LIVERY, FEED & SALE STABLES.

FOR SALE,

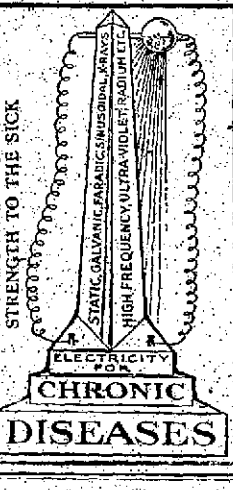
Horses, Carriages, Wagons, Harness, Etc. Cutters and Robes.

Smethport - Penn.

March 5, 1903.

PARKER'S HAIR BALSAM

Cleanses and beautifies the hair. Promotes a luxuriant growth. Never Fails to Restore Gray Hair to its Youthful Color. Cures scalp diseases & hair falling. 50c. and $1.00 at Druggists


THE X-RAYS REVEALING PILLAR OF STRENGTH TO THE SICK
STATIC, GALVANIC, FARADIC, SINUSOIDAL, X-RAYS, HIGH FREQUENCY, ULTRA VIOLET, RADIUM ETC.
ELECTRICITY FOR
CHRONIC
DISEASES

J. W. KING, M. D.

CHRONIC DISEASES A SPECIALTY

BRADFORD, PENNSYLVANIA.

SPECIAL FACILITIES for the Treatment of Cancer, Tuberculosis, Lupus, and other ailments rebellious to medical and surgical means. The oldest X-Ray and Electrical Laboratory, for the purpose of diagnosis and treatment of diseases, in Western Pennsylvania.

It Will Cost Only One Cent.

to buy a postal card and send to the New York Tribune Farmer, New York City, for a free specimen copy.

The New York Tribune Farmer is a National Illustrated Agricultural Weekly for farmers and their families and every issue contains matter instructive and entertaining to every member of the family. The price is $1 per year, but if you like it you can secure it with your own favorite local newspaper, THE MINER, Smethport, at a bargain. Both papers one year only $1.25.

Send your order and money to

THE McKEAN COUNTY MINER, Smethport, Pa.

JUST A WORD

—WE CARRY—

FURNITURE AND CARPETS

In a large assortment and can please all customers.

SPECHT & SASSE, Smethport, Pa.

Brasted's BAKERY IS THE PLACE FOR PIES,

COOKIES, CAKES, BREAD, ETC.

McKean County Miner

PUBLISHED EVERY THURSDAY.

TERMS:—$1.25 per year, or if paid strictly in advance, $1.00 per year.

ADVERTISING RATES.

Display advertisements published at the rate of $1.00 per column per annum, payable monthly. Our own position and no deviation from this rule. Extra charge for single insertion.

Reading notices, five cents per line for each insertion.

Legal advertisements, five cents per line for each insertion.

Cards, not exceeding one inch, $5.00 per annum.

Birth, marriage and death notices inserted free.

Executors' and administrators' notices, $3.00 each.

Address all communications to

HARRY L. BACKUS,
Editor and Prop'r.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 26, 1905.

Announcement.

FOR SHERIFF.

TO THE EDITOR:—I hereby announce myself a candidate for the office of Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the county primaries.
BURT MCALLISTER.

Bradford, Jan. 2, 1905.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the office of Sheriff of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican party at the county primaries.
GEORGE W. MITCHELL.

Smethport, Jan. 4, 1905.

FOR PROTHONOTARY.

EDITOR MINER:—You are hereby authorized to announce my name as a candidate for Prothonotary of the Court of Common Pleas of McKean County, subject to the Republican primaries.
SAMUEL E. BELL.

Smethport, Jan. 23, 1905.

FOR RECORDER OF DEEDS.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of Recorder of Deeds, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
H. M. CHOATE.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 23, 1905.

FOR COUNTY COMMISSIONER.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself as candidate for re-election to the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican voters at the primaries.
JOHN A. PETERSON.

Bradford, Pa., Jan. 23, 1905.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself as candidate for re-election to the office of County Commissioner, subject to the decision of Republican voters at the primaries.
GEORGE GRIFFITHS.

Kane, Pa., Jan. 23, 1905.

FOR DISTRICT ATTORNEY.

The MINER is authorized to announce H. S. Rogers of Mt. Jewett as a candidate for District Attorney, subject to the usages of the Republican party.

FOR COUNTY AUDITOR.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for the nomination of County Auditor, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
OSCAR ENGSTROM.

Smethport, Pa., Jan. 24, 1905.

FOR SUPERVISOR.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Democratic primaries.
MICHAEL MILLER.

EDITOR MINER:—Please announce that I am a candidate for Supervisor of Keating township subject to the usages of the Republican party.
MICHAEL HERZOG.

EDITOR MINER:—You are authorized to announce that I am a candidate for Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
M. T. HYDE.

East Smethport, Jan. 9, 1905.

EDITOR MINER:—I hereby announce myself as a candidate for the office of Supervisor of Keating township, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries.
C. H. BROWN.

Davis, Pa., Jan. 17, 1905.

Borough Republican Caucus.

The Republican caucus for the purpose of nominating candidates for the following borough offices will be held at the regular polling place, in the basement of the court house, in Smethport borough, on Saturday, January 28, 1905:

Two persons for School Directors (3 years).
Three persons for Councilmen (3 years).
One person for Constable (2 years).
One person for High Constable (3 years).
One person for Auditor (3 years).
One person for Judge of Election (1 year).
One person for Inspector of Election (1 year).

Polls will open at 4 o'clock p. m. and remain open until 8 o'clock p. m.

Persons wishing to have their names appear on the ticket must leave the same with the Committeeman at least 5 days prior to the date of the caucus.
W. A. OSTRANDER,
Committeeman.

CHARLES EMORY SMITH, editor of the Philadelphia Press, is being spoken of as a likely candidate for Governor. What a chance he would be from the antiquated fossil who now is at the head of the State administration and what a relief to sensible people.

IN the usual place at the head of these columns will be found the announcement of Oscar Engstrom as a candidate for the office of County Auditor of McKean county subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. Mr. Engstrom is a capable person for the office to which he aspires, having held a position on the board of auditors for the past three years and performed his duties in a most satisfactory manner. He is one of the county's most influential Swedish citizens and a true and loyal Republican, and no doubt will again be successful at the Republican primaries.

IN this issue appears the announcement of Samuel E. Bell as a candidate to succeed himself in the office of Prothonotary, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. For the past two years Mr. Bell has been our prothonotary and has done his work in a most satisfactory manner, showing that he is fully qualified for its duties and now that he is thoroughly familiar he will be of more service to the public than he has been in the past two years. He is courteous and obliging to the patrons of this office and his host of friends are confident of his renomination and re-election.

THE future of Russia to-day hangs in a more delicate balance than ever before. Not on account of the war with Japan, but because of the labor disturbances at home. The firing upon the thousands of strikers when they appeared before the Czar's palace, asking that justice be done them and that they be relieved of their terrible suffering from starvation and want, has practically brought a state of revolution which will be hard to duell. The killing and wounding of hundreds of these poor mortals, many of whom were women and children, has turned the sentiment of the whole civilized world so irrevocably against Russia that it cannot help having a decided effect on her war with Japan. When the administration of a great government becomes as rotten as Russia's now appears to be it can only crumble and fall, and perhaps the sooner the better for the sake of humanity.

THE announcement of John A. Peterson appears this week as a candidate to succeed himself as County Commissioner, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. Previous to entering upon his duties as county commissioner, Mr. Peterson was an enterprising business man of Bradford, where he still resides. As a commissioner he has made a first-class official, performing his duties as he saw them, without fear or favor and his many friends are confident that he will break all precedents in this county by being renominated and re-elected by a large majority. He is a prominent member of the Swedish Republican League and has always been an earnest supporter of the principles of the G. O. P.

HON. GEORGE GRIFFITHS announces in this issue that he is a candidate to succeed himself as County Commissioner, subject to the usages of the Republican party. For many years Mr. Griffiths has been a resident of Kane and one of its foremost citizens. He is a veteran of the Civil War, serving his country nobly in the time of need and he has also served a term in the Legislature with credit to himself and constituents. As a county commissioner he has made a record to be proud of. So well have both he and Mr. Peterson conducted the business of the county for the best interests of the taxpayers that it is pretty generally understood that neither will have opposition for the nomination and when nominated they will be elected by an unusually large majority.

H. M. CHOATE is a candidate to succeed himself in the office of Recorder of Deeds, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries, as will be seen by his announcement at the head of these columns. For nearly twenty years past Mr. Choate has had charge of this business under Prothonotaries McElroy and Mitchell and the past two years by his election, and his vast experience coupled with an excellent education makes his services in this capacity almost invaluable to the many patrons of this important office. He is a veteran of the Civil War and has always been prominent and most popular in G. A. R. circles. His Republicanism has always been unwavering and his nomination, which is equivalent to election by a large majority, is ardently predicted by his many friends.

H. S. ROGERS announces in this issue that he is a candidate for District Attorney of McKean county, subject to the decision of the Republican primaries. Mr. Rogers is a prominent young attorney of Mt. Jewett and has practiced law in that place for the past eleven years. He was born in Smethport, learned the printer's art in the MINER office and when he became of age became a partner with his father, Col. L. Rogers, in this office, he acting as local editor for several years. Three years ago he was a candidate for this nomination and made a very creditable run against the present efficient official, John P. Melvin. He is in every way competent of filling the office to which he aspires and the fact that a Mt. Jewett resident has never filled a county office makes Mr. Rogers' many friends feel confident of his nomination and election.

Washington Letter.

(From Our Regular Correspondent.)

Washington, D. C., Jan. 21, 1905.

The message of President Roosevelt to Congress, suggesting means to promote foreign trade is in line with his well-known views regarding such consular service. The next four years will doubtless witness such a strengthening and bracing up in this service as has never before been known. The consular service of the United States is one of the weakest, if not the very weakest, branches of our civil service. The unfit men who have been sent abroad to represent us in a commercial and semi-diplomatic capacity are perhaps the worst ever sent by any government for that purpose. A majority of them have not known even how to speak the language of the country to which they were accredited. A consul sent to Cadiz, Spain, a few years ago, was not in the habit of wearing a collar in this country and considered it effeminate and un-American in wear one. He chewed tobacco incessantly and was one of the most slovenly slipshod men of his class. Doubtless there is much truth in Burns' lines that "a man's a man for a' that" but it was not the man that was under consideration, it was the consul—the person who represented us in an alien country among people who had been educated for ages to consider dress, bearing and the graces the end and aim of life and who measured and judged our country by our representative. This consul to the old and aristocratic port of Cadiz was doubtless an extreme type, but we have many consuls abroad who are better only in degree. They have been appointed without regard to fitness but on account of kinship or because of some political service rendered. They have never traveled and it is rare that they know the language of the country to which they are sent, when it is considered that these consuls of ours have to compete with the debonair educated and polyglot consuls that England and Germany send abroad we have before us the reason why those countries take trade away from us in South America, Mexico, Cuba and other lands.

The President in his message recommends that six commercial attaches shall be sent to various foreign localities to promote trade. Each one is to receive a salary of $5,000 a year exclusive of traveling expenses, and it is estimated that the total expense for maintenance will be annually $50,000.

There is a promise of important and far-reaching improvement in the strengthening of our whole foreign service in the interest of trade and the gradual development of our foreign trade capacities. For many years agriculture in the United States has provided, through the demand from abroad for our surplus crops and more home market, great as it is, and who are now looking more and more for foreign markets.

We do not pay our foreign ambassadors or ministers abroad as much as other countries, or as much as ministers from these countries accredited to the United States, but recent administrations have been taking advantage of the fact that these places are eagerly desired by rich men and Presidents Cleveland, McKinley and Roosevelt have all favored the policy of giving our multi-millionaires a chance to die poor by appointing them ambassadors.

Mr. Whitelaw Reid has been in Washington for ten days, entertained by Capt. Cowles, whose wife is a sister of President Roosevelt. Capt. Cowles was formerly an attaché of the American embassy in London. Mr. Reid, it is well known, is to be appointed an ambassador to England. He was formerly ambassador to France. He has already secured Brooke House, Park Lane, London, as a residence. The property is a splendid one and owned by Lord Tweedmouth. It is the same house which Mr. Reid occupied for a month when he was accredited as special American envoy at the coronation of King Edward.

There is a merry war going on in Washington between the Women's Christian Temperance Union and the Woman's Army and Navy League. Both organizations are advocating temperance, the former as opposed to the army canteen and the latter urging its reinstatement. The women of the Army and Navy League insist that the canteen is in the interest of sobriety, good morals, decency and health; that it furnishes an assembling point in camp or in barracks and prevents enlisted men wandering outside, dissipating and drinking themselves into the gutter and indulging in the worst types of debauchery. The argument of the Women's Christian Temperance Union is well known and is mainly to the effect that the government must in no sense be a saloon keeper, or hand out in any shape or form the vile hell-broth—whether it is beer, whiskey, brandy, wine or cider.

SMOKERS

SHOULD TRY

STEBER'S

CIGARS

for a good, sweet, satisfying smoke as they are the highest type of five cent cigar made, and have the ear marks of a ten cent cigar.

Try one and you will become a regular customer. Ask for

DAVIS BRAND

You cannot get them anywhere except of

J. COLEGROVE,
SMETHORT, PA.
Next to Bank.

Fall and Winter Shoes. . . . .

Our stock of Shoes for the Fall and Winter is complete and we are showing a large stock of the best makes.

When in need of footwear of any description give us a call.

Shoes for Men
Shoes for Women
Shoes for Children
Shoes for Everybody

Anderson & Carlson,
Smethport, Pa.
Repairing a Specialty.

NO GUESSING NECESSARY

Where to go for a BARGAIN in a Suit or an Overcoat. We always sell the best goods at the lowest price possible, but to secure

THE SAME GOODS

at prices as quoted below should cause you to come here to be fitted at once:

$13.50 for Overcoats or Suits that were $16.50 to $20.
$11.50 for Overcoats or Suits that were $13.50 to $15.
$ 8.50 for Overcoats or Suits that were $10.50 to $12.50, and
$7.50 Suits or Overcoats go now for $5.00.
Other goods reduced too.

WM. MONHEIMER.
SMETHPORT.

L. K. Hogarth

PURE DRUGS AND MEDICINES.

RUBBER GOODS
SICK ROOM FURNISHINGS

Prescriptions accurately compounded.

LEATHER GOODS
JEWELRY
CUT GLASS
HAND PAINTED CHINA
STATIONERY
PERFUMES

We carry in stock all the latest

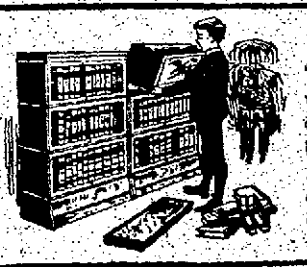
MAGAZINES AND PERIODICALS.

Our business is bigger and better this year than ever and we can please you both in quality and price.

Oldest drug store in the county—Established 1865.

L. K. Hogarth,
Leading Druggist,
Opp. Court House, SMETHPORT.

McCOY'S DRUG STORE



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"ELASTIC" BOOKCASE
with perfect end-locking device, perfection roller-bearing dust-proof doors. A perfect sectional bookcase for home or office. Call and see it, or send for catalogue.

GROCERIES

As you know we have always carried a first-class line of groceries, but perhaps you do not know that we have in our store a fancy stock of groceries, fruits and nuts for the holidays. In this stock you will find all the table delicacies usually found in a large city store.

We also have the best oysters in town and they are always fresh.

Hagberg & Sherburne.

BIG REDUCTIONS

IN

HEAVY SUITS

AND

OVERCOATS.

COME EARLY AND GET FIRST CHOICE.

H. W. RUBIN, METHPORT, PENNA.

The Old Reliable Clothier, Furnisher and Merchant Tailor.

TAKING AN ACCOUNT OF STOCK AT STORE OF D. C. YOUNG.

To those who are interested in bargains would say, that I have arranged a bargain counter in my store and many things will be sold at cost and even less to close out the stock and make room for new spring goods.

I would particularly mention a lot of felt shoes, slippers, etc. Any one interested will be welcome to look over these goods whether they buy or not, and you will undoubtedly find many things which can be used at greatly reduced prices.

This will only last while the Inventory is going on.

D. C. YOUNG
SMETHPORT, PA.
January 3, 1905.

PLACE YOUR ORDER FOR

Fall and Winter Clothing

with me. Have an up-to-date and complete line to select from and if you are thinking of getting a

SUIT, OVERCOAT OR TROUSERS

made to order it will pay you to call and inspect my line before going elsewhere. Clothes cleaned and pressed promptly. A trial will convince you.

Satisfaction Guaranteed.

G. W. Shillenn,
The Leading Tailor
Chadwick Block. Smethport.

It Isn't Too Early
To Think About
Boys' Clothes
Nor to Look at Clothes for Winter.

For the handsome things and novel things are snapped quick.

The first comer get the choice of the stock.

IKE SIMONS
46-48 Main St. BRADFORD. The Big Double Cloth

STOP! READ! and REFLEC
And then go to
BROWNELL BROTHER
Where you will find a carefully and well selected stock of
DRY GOODS, NOTIO
FURNISHING GOODS,
HATS, CAPS, BOOTS and SHO
AND A CHOICE LINE OF THE
FINEST GROCERIES
TO BE FOUND IN TOWN AT
ROCK-BOTTOM PRI

Remnant Sale.

The Largest Clearance Sale on Record Here which ended Jan. 14th left us many Remnants in Every Department which we now place on sale.

Some at Half Price

Others at Less than Half Price

All at Exceptional Bargain Prices

Coats, Suits, Furs, Dress Goods, Silks, Suitings, Flannelettes, Outing Flannels, Carpets, Mattings, etc.

Almost every line of goods in the store is represented in this sale.

THE EARLY BUYER GETS THE CHOICE SELECTIONS.

The Lindholm Company

"Real Economy" Gas Ranges.

THE NEW WAY

Why break your back operating "old fashioned" "low-oven" Gas Ranges? "Real Economy" Gas Ranges have "Elevated Oven and Broiler." No stooping nor bending necessary to operate. THINK IT OVER.

The "Real Economy" is the original Elevated Oven Gas Range.

REDFIELD'S HARDWARE

McKean County Miner.

Entered at the postoffice at Smethport, as second-class mail matter.

Smethport, Thursday, Jan. 26, 1905.

LOCAL AND GENERAL.

—Republican primaries Saturday.

—Born to Mr. and Mrs. Daniel Bacon on Sunday, Jan. 22, a girl.

—The Hazelhurst Glass factory, "No. 6," will soon start making glass.

—The last mild winter prophet was buried in the snow drifts yesterday.

—Great reductions in heavy clothing is advertised by H. W. Rubin in this issue.

—"Why Girls Go Wrong" is the attraction at the Lyceum next Monday evening.

—Regular meeting of the W. C. T. U. at the M. E. chapel next Saturday afternoon at 3:30.

—Rev. B. R. Smith of Olean will supply the pulpit of the Baptist church next Sunday.

—Mrs. J. M. Lytle, a former resident of Rew City, this county, died at her home in Warren on Sunday, aged 47 years.

—See to it that a good borough ticket is nominated Saturday. The voters want good, active and progressive men to fill the offices.

—Lost, Sunday night a fur, between Smethport and Lacube. Finder will be rewarded by returning to 1004 E. Main Street, Smethport.

—The relatives of the late John S. Condy wish to extend thanks to all those who so kindly rendered them assistance during their recent bereavement.

—The young ladies of the Sorority society gave a dancing party at the hose house Tuesday evening. They invited their male friends and the evening was most hugely enjoyed.

—C. L. Irons was surprised last Saturday evening by about thirty-five neighbors at his home on East Main street and the evening was pleasantly passed in a social manner.

—Ellwood Gaskin has taken M. J. Norris into partnership in his barber shop. Messrs. Gaskin & Norris intend making many improvements and the shop will continue to be a union one.

—Six couples of our young people drove to Mt. Jewett last Saturday evening. They had a late supper at the Brewer House and drove home in the wee sma' hours. A delightful trip is reported.

—The Baptist church of Manchester, N. Y., has extended a unanimous invitation to Rev. P. S. Calvin of the Bapist church, this place, to become their stor. Mr. Calvin has not yet announced his decision.

—At St. Luke's church on next Sunday (14th in Epiphany) the services will be at 8:00 and 10:30 a. m. and at 7:30 p. m. The subjects for the day are "Testing of Human Character," (St. Luke 2:31) and "Stilling the Tempest," (St. Matt. 8:26.)

—A. L. Youmans has resigned his position with The Lindholm Co. to accept the position of manager of the dry goods department in a department store at Lafayette, Colorado. Mr. and Mrs. Youmans and daughter will leave for the West about Feb 10th.

—According to the Cuba Free Press Rev. L. D. Cook, pastor of the M. E. church at Black creek, N. Y., is being persecuted by unknown enemies. His horse has been poisoned and two unsuccessful attempts have been made on his life. No cause is known for the dastardly work.

—The Hardy sisters of Buffalo will sing at the morning service at the Methodist church on next Sunday. Views of Maylaysian Missions, showing the descendants of the aborigines, the Malay the Javanese, the Hindu, the Tamil, the Chinaman and the "Wild Man of Borneo," will be given in the evening.

—A heap of straw saturated with coal oil was set on fire at the home of Edward Shearer in Williamsport, while his three children had scarlet fever and he was away from home. Mrs. Shearer carried the children down the blazing stairway and escaped. It was the second attempt to burn the family during the children's illness.

—Miss Eleanor Sears Kimble, an able elocutionist and impersonator, will render the beautiful monologue, "Barbara Frietchie" for the benefit of the Baptist church on Saturday, Feb. 4, at the Baptist church. From the press reports we have read regarding Miss Kimble we feel safe in saying that she ranks among the best of her profession.

—Hon. Andrew Kaul of St. Marys died at the Hotel Walton, Philadelphia, Tuesday, of a complication of diseases. For the past thirty-five years he had been associated with J. K. P. Hall under the firm name of Hall & Kaul, and to these men belong the credit of Elk county's great industrial development. Mr. Kaul was aged 60 years.

—"The Holy City," as produced by Gordon & Bennett's company at the Lyceum Monday evening was an interesting portrayal of events at the time of the world's greatest tragedy—the Crucifixion. The presentation is elaborately staged and the parts are rendered by able performers. The situations are at times so intense as to be almost painful, but for a play of its class the melancholy events preceding the Crucifixion are delicately handled and the final scene of the Resurrection is a triumph of scenic art. The large audience was apparently well satisfied.

Personal Mention.

Guy B. Mayo had business in Kane Tuesday.

H. H. Redfield had business in Olean last Friday.

Ralph Yerdon of Kane was a visitor in town Monday.

Miss Bessie Provin of Bolivar is visiting friends in town.

F. D. Gallup and W. S. Palmer visit Bolivor on Tuesday.

Kenneth Mayo is in Kane taking a course in physical training.

Deputy Sheriff Bert McAllister had business in Kane last Saturday.

Mrs. C. W. Hazelton and child visited friends in Hornellsville over Sunday.

Mrs. Mary L. Bisett and son, Merle, were visitors in Bradford over Sunday.

Mrs J. A. Yerdon of Jamestown, N. Y., is visiting her sister, Mrs. Daniel Bacon.

Mrs. Thos. Bahan of Colegrove was a guest of friends in town Monday and Tuesday.

J. C. Backus left Monday for an extended western trip in the interest of his pin setter.

S. F. Redfield and Miss Ruth Forrest have returned from a three weeks' visit in the South.

Mrs. Foster Studholme of Olean visited her parents, Mr. and Mrs. J. A. Holder, this week.

Misses Adaline and Pearl Learn of Eldred were guests of Mrs. C. E. Corwin this week.

Mr. and Mrs. H. R. Henderson returned Monday from a brief visit at Angelica, N. Y.

C. C. Lowry, the general agent of the Nickle Plate R. R., was doing business in town Monday.

Miss Rachel Mayo, who teaches at Springer, passed Sunday with her parents in this borough.

C. A. Anderson of Colegrove, had business in town yesterday and made this office a pleasant call.

Mr. and Mrs. J. J. Alexander and child returned Monday from a few days visit at Hornellsville, N. Y.

D. and Mrs. J. M. Barden of Ithaca, N. Y., are visiting their daughter, Mrs. J. C. Gallup, on King street.

Mrs. John Bowen and son, John, and Mrs. Ed. Bowen of Eldred were guests of Mrs. J. C. Backus the first of the week.

Mr. and Mrs. Howard E. Merrill of Geneva, N. Y., were in attendance at the Hammer-Hamlin wedding on Tuesday. Mr. Merrill returned home on Wednesday.

Ralph E. Burdick, W. P. Walsh, C. A. Burdick, R. W. Hilton, S. E. Bell and D. M. Brasted were in attendance at the game club meeting in Bradford Tuesday evening.

Mrs. D. C. Young and daughter, Miss Lois, accompanied by Mrs. Howard Strong of Olean, left Monday for an extended visit in Mexico. Miss Young will visit Mrs. Harvey McQuiston at Las Junta and Mrs. Young and Mrs. Strong at Mexico City.

For Sale at Once Cheap.

Carpets, rugs, gas heaters, range, dining table and chairs, brass trimmed bed, four piece bed room suit, center table, handsome combination bookcase, and writing desk, couch, dishes, washing machine, etc. Everything to keep house with. As good as new to be sold before February 4th.

A. L. YOUMANS,
Water street, near Kushequa depot.

Subscribe for the MINER.

Resolutions of Respect.

WHEREAS, By the hand of an overruling Providence, our brother, John Coady, has been removed from our midst, and

WHEREAS, We, as members of Mackanee Tribe, No. 403, remember him as an active member, therefore be it,

RESOLVED, That the members of this Tribe, No. 403, are saddened by the departure of our worthy brother, and that we extend to the bereaved family our heartfelt sympathy and that the charter be draped for a period of 60 days, and be it further

RESOLVED, That these resolutions be spread upon the minutes and a copy sent to the family.

J. C. CUNNINGHAM,
J. C. HYDE,
L. K. HOGARTH,
Committee.

Defended His Theology.

A colored Florida preacher announced one Sunday morning: "Brederen an' sisters, I shall discourse dis mornin' on de power of de miracle an' I am gwine ter take as example de chillern of Israel a-crossin' of de Red Sea. Ter wus Moses on de brink of de sea, an' right behin' him wus de army of Pharoh. An' all at once'st, brederen, de sea froze over es solid es a rock, an' de chillern an' Moses walked across." In the congregation were some young negroes who had been to college and whose orthodoxy had been slightly warped. One of them arose and said, "Why, parson, that can't be possible, 'cause the geographies tell us that water don't freeze at the equator." The old man hesitated a moment and then replied scornfully: "I jest knowed one of you young niggers wus gwine ter dispute de work of de Lawd. Young man, when the Red sea froze der warn't no geography an' der warn't no equator."

Notice to Advertisers.

All advertisers should remember that changes of advertisements must reach this office not later than 1 p. m. on Tuesday in order to appear in the following issue of the MINER. We must strictly enforce this rule so it would be well to paste this where the "ad man" can see it.

The Blue Flame Heater; just the proper thing. No smoke or smell.
Holmes & Gilfillan.

Ladies call at Rubin's shoe store for the Acme Cushion shoe.

C. H. Gleason pays cash for hydes and furs.

LYCEUM THEATRE.

ONE NIGHT ONLY

MONDAY, JANUARY 30th

M. M. TAYLOR AMUSEMENT CO.'S
Greatest of all Society Comedy Dramas

"WHY GIRLS GO WRONG"

DON'T MISS IT—SOMETHING WORTH SEEING.

Husbands, Wives, Sweethearts,

SEE IT

Never a play like it. It will teach you to become better men and women.

Endorsed by the Clergy Everywhere.

Prices, 25, 35 and 50c

Seats now on sale at Wells' Drug Store.

Notice of Application for Charter.

Notice is hereby given that an application will be made by R. W. Hilton, J. M. Hilton, M. E. Burdick and their associates, all citizens of the State of Pennsylvania, to the Governor of Pennsylvania in the city of Harrisburg, Pa., on Tuesday, the 21st day of February, A. D. 1905, at eleven o'clock a. m., under the provisions of the Act of Assembly of the Commonwealth of Pennsylvania, entitled, "An Act to provide for the incorporation and regulation of certain corporations," approved April 29th, A. D. 1874, and its supplements, for the charter of an intended corporation to be called the KEYSTONE WINDOW GLASS COMPANY, the character and object of which is the manufacture of window glass, plate glass and other articles of glass ware, and the sale and purchase thereof, and for these purposes to have, possess and enjoy all the rights, benefits and privileges conferred by said Act of Assembly and its supplements.

E. R. MAYO & SON, Solicitors.
Smethport, Pa., Jan. 25th, 1905.

BANNER PATTERNS 10c & 15c — MONARCH SHIRT $1.50 & $1.50

FRY & COMES

LAST OF THE

January Clearing Sales.

Wednesday, the 25th, will be the last day of the January bargain giving. To-day we print a new list of seasonable goods very much reduced. They're things you need every day now and it would be the best sort of economy to anticipate your wants for some time to come.

Wrappers at 75c
One lot of about fifty good Percale Wrappers in Blues, Grays, Reds, Blacks, etc. Regular prices $1.00 to $1.25.

Wool Flannels 23c
Five pieces in Gray and Red Stripes, Checks & Plain. Excellent for shirts or underskirts, 29 in. regular price 28c.

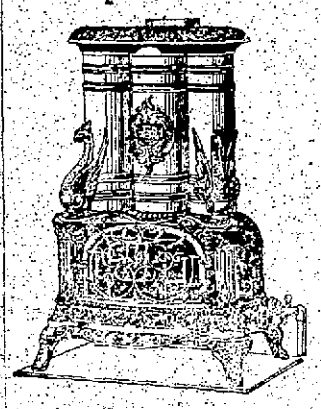
Fascinators
Several styles in Black, White and colors.
Twenty-five cent grade at 19c
Fifty cent grade at 38c

Camoshanters
All we have left in round and square shapes. Regular fifty cent goods at 38c

Belts and Neckwear
One lot 25c values at 10c
One lot 50c values at 25c

Shirts and Flannel Waists
HALF PRICE.
One lot of Waists and Skirts at just half the usual price.
50c to $3.50

Big Reduction in Furs.



JUST A MOMENT

Really, we don't expect to be able to tell you all the good points about

GARNET JEWEL HEATERS

in "just a moment," bnt what we would like to do is to secure your attention long enough to impress upon you the merits of this THE MOST EFFECTIVE HEATER FOR NATURAL GAS MADE.

HOLMES & GILFILLAN

THE GREAT SUPPLY HOUSE

DOUBLE STORE IN HAMILTON BLOCK

PRILL

Has the stock you should see before purchasing elsewhere.

DIAMONDS

Of the finest quality

ONE PRICE TO ALL

Full many a gem of purest ray serene
Lies in our store waiting to be seen;
And as you see, and handle, and admire,
You'll wonder that the prices are not higher.

ONE PRICE TO ALL

WATCHES

All makes and grades at the lowest prices.

Hawkes' Cut Glass,
Genuine Bronzes,
Silk Umbrellas,
Beautiful Opera Glasses

BELL PHONE 473. BELL PHONE 473.

7 MAIN ST. **PRILL** BRADFORD, PA.

ENORMOUS REDUCTIONS

During this month we will give Great Reductions on all Ladies' and Children's Coats, Furs, Children's Fur Sets, Ladies' Skirts, Flannel Waists, Infants' Cloaks, Silk, Wool or Bearskin Hoods. In fact, all winter goods must be closed out at a great sacrifice.

All Millinery sold regardless of cost.

Elegant trimmed hats at about one-half regular price.

Now is your chance to prepare for the winter with little money.

NEW IDEA PATTERNS 10c. NEW IDEA MAGAZINES 5c.

MRS. A. E. HINMAN.

H. C. WELLS

THE LEADING PHARMACIST

SMETHPORT PA.

The One Letter

By CHANNING POLLOCK

Copyright, 1904, by Channing Pollock

After they had come to an understanding Frank Claxton took Virginia Carter to dinner at Giovani's. This understanding, the result of many misunderstandings, put an end to their engagement, and they chose to hold the wake over their dead love at the tiny restaurant where it had been born. Neither talked much during the meal, and when either spoke, for some reason not easily explained, it was in a very low tone. The man said, "I suppose I had better return your letters?"

"There must be a great many of them," responded the girl, the corners of her mouth trembling into a faint smile.

"Yes. In—in three years"—

"I shall send yours tomorrow—that is, I shall send all but one. I should like to keep one—in memoriam, May I?"

"If I may."

"Certainly. 'A fair exchange,' you know."

Claxton left her at the door of her apartment something less than an hour later. On the way to his own home he marveled that he should regret what had happened so little. The petty quarrels of the past few months had worn out his endurance, he thought, and rendered him indifferent to their culmination. He wondered how she felt about it. At all events, the separation would leave him with more time—more time to work, more time to devote to the friends he had neglected since he had begun caring for her.

In the matter of the quarrels he did not consider himself blameless. He realized this, and admired himself a bit for the inherent generosity which prevented his holding her solely to account.

Claxton reached his "place" in rather a relieved frame of mind. He opened the door with a key fastened to a silver ring that she had given him on his birthday and walked straight across the library to his typewriter. Beside the machine was a tiny cushion she had made for him to rest his elbow upon when he was "reading copy." He recalled that it had come wrapped in numberless pieces of paper, each one inclosed inside the other, like the eggs in a Chinese puzzle. That was about the time that the interest aroused by his tale of Central American life had opened the hearts of editors toward him.

Somehow the detective story he had intended to begin did not fly from his finger tips as speedily as he had expected. The first paragraph, after writing which, he told himself, things would go better, stood alone on the page, a succession of stilted and uninviting sentences.

"Not in the mood," he confessed at last and strolled down Broadway to his club. The boy at the door didn't know him, and when, after satisfying the stupid fellow of his membership, he sauntered into the lounging room he was in an exceedingly unpleasant humor. "Parsons been here this evening?" he inquired brusquely of an attendant.

"No, sir," replied the man. "He does not come very often now, sir. Married, I believe."

Claxton cursed Parsons from the bottom of his soul.

"Graham?" he asked.

"Mr. Graham was in about a week ago. We don't see him more than once a forthight."

"Funny," mused Claxton. "By George, I wonder if there's any one in the place?"

There was, in the writing room—Frederick Ford Ferguson, a youth just coaxing a timorous mustache into existence and tolerated only for the sake of his father, Major Ferguson, formerly of the Ninth Infantry. Claxton would gladly have passed the youngster by, but he was hailed before he could regain the hall.

"Stop a bit, old chap. I want to read you a line I'm sending to a friend of mine at Daly's. Rather a clever letter, you know."

Claxton tore himself away and went back home. What was Miss Carter doing? He would have wagered a hundred that Phelps had called and taken her out. Confound Phelps!

The story went more smoothly, stimulated by the resentful energy of its author. From 10 o'clock until nearly daylight the typewriter clicked incessantly. When it stopped clicking, seven pages of manuscript, much marred by pencil marks, lay on the table near at hand. It was a good story, he felt sure, although there were two or three details concerning which he would have liked a conservative opinion. "I'll take Virginia out for luncheon and read it to her," he thought. Then he remembered that they had agreed never to see each other again—voluntarily, that is.

The day, which began with his rising at noon, dragged along monotonously. It was hard to realize that he might not speak to her over the telephone that stood on his desk and harder still to be convinced that she would not call him up. Toward midafternoon Claxton unlocked a drawer and took out the nine packages of her letters that represented a correspondence of three years. He must choose the one letter and return the rest to her.

To do this he must read every epistle in the nine bundles. Claxton, in common with most men who write or act, was a sentimentalist, and he wanted that the one letter should be the dearest of all. The first that met his eye he laid aside in the belief that it would prove the dearest. Miss Carter had penned it when he lay ill of fever at San Jose de Guatemala. "Your cable was repeated to me at Chicago," was the message. "Otherwise I should have been with you now. I know that if your illness continued you would need a nurse, and I felt that I could not delegate to strangers the privilege of attending you." It was a womanly letter—the letter of a woman mature in heart and brain—and Claxton pondered a long while before putting it aside.

Next came a telegram, sent to his apartments before the telephone had been installed: "Please come tonight. Am blue. Have wired Minnie stay home." A very sweet, dependent little message, but of course not to be thought of as the single memento of so close a friendship as theirs had been. It was even preferable to retain the short note which he had always ascribed to her literary genius rather than to her feelings. "Each thought of you, dropping into the waters of my heart, produces ever widening circles of tender recollection."

Then there was an envelope from her, on the back of which he had composed a fragment of verse. It began:

Thou art so dear to me, my love—
So dear and, oh, so necessary!

Claxton remembered that she had prized the poem above anything else he had given her. "It is so fine to be thought necessary," she had said.

In this manner he progressed through five of the nine packages. Each letter seemed more desirable than the rest, and every moment made a selection less easy. This scrawl was a reassurance which she had pencilled on the leaf of her programme at the theater; that sheet of blue paper bore the first words of affection he had ever received from her.

At the bottom of the fifth bundle was a long envelope with the name of a publishing company on its upper left hand corner. The postmark was over two years old. "Rejected manuscript," Claxton concluded, tossing it to one side contemptuously. That had come back in the days when rejected manuscripts had not been half so rare as good dinners or money with which to pay rent. Something approaching curiosity made him pick up the envelope again and draw the contents from its mouth. The story that lay before him was headed, "From Frank Claxton, 211 West Twenty-first Street," but the type unmistakably belonged to the machine which still remained a fixture at Miss Carter's. The tale was one that she had sent over his signature to an editor of whose opinion she had felt certain, and it had in consequence been returned to him when that gentleman had classed it as "unavailable." "I thought you'd get a check," Virginia had confessed, "and I knew you'd spend it without considering whys and wherefores. It's just like Phelps! He was enthusiastic over the plot when I told it to him last week."

"Virginia," he had remonstrated, "it was like offering me charity."

"Nonsense! I shouldn't have thought of handing you money. I simply wrote a story for you that you might have written yourself if you had taken time."

"Taken time! Good Lord, how much time he had taken that year in just such discouraging, unremunerative labor! How unhappy he had been and how awfully, awfully hard up! He hadn't begun spending every evening with her then, and he hadn't begun selling whatever he wrote either. "Nobody ever did at first," she had assured him.

For twenty minutes Claxton sat silently on his chair island in the middle of a sea of letters. His fingers clung to the rejected manuscript, but his eyes looked beyond it into the past. All the half forgotten history of his love for Virginia Carter had been recalled to him with wonderful vividness—her unvarying goodness, the sweetness of their intercourse, the erstwhile strength of his affection for her. A ship's clock in the adjoining room struck 2, the nautical fashion of saying that the hour was 5, and with quick resolution he began climbing into his evening clothes.

"I've come to take you to dinner," he said to Miss Carter when she responded to his pressure on the button at her door.

"So you were lonely, too?" she asked him.

"Lonely? By George, and those letters"—

She was too clever a girl not to seem surprised, and he could not look through the sides of her trunk into the tray where reposed several packages of his letters to her, unsearched, untouched, since first they had been read and laid away.

Blue Jays.

Blue jays never go south, but stay north during the coldest winters. It is said they live to be a hundred years old. Very few people have ever seen their nests or young. They can sing a dozen different tunes. I never kill them, for they once saved my life. I had been lost in the woods for two days. Night was coming, and it began to snow. I built a bough camp, and while cutting wood cut a hollow stub. When I split it open I found four blue jays and about a bushel of bread and meat. I built a fire and ate about a peck of the provisions. The jays did not go away, but came up to the fire and appeared to enjoy the heat. My feet were cold, and I commenced to dance to warm them. Then the birds sang the prettiest jig tune I ever heard. The storm lasted twenty-four hours. When it was over I climbed a tall pine, but I came down mad as a wet hen. I had discovered the lumber camp about fifteen rods distant.—Lewiston (Me.) Journal.

Tommy Had Help.

"Tommy, I've talked to you until I'm hoarse!"

"Don't blame me for all of it, mamma. You know you talked a lot to papa before he left this morning!"—Yonkers Statesman.

THE MINER and TRIBUNE FARMER one year for $1.25 IN ADVANCE.

What Shall We Have for Dessert?

The question arises in the family every day. Let us answer it today. Try Jell-O, a delicious and healthful dessert. Prepared in two minutes. No boiling! no baking! Simply add boiling water and set to cool. Flavors:—Lemon, Orange, Raspberry and Strawberry. Get a package at your grocers today.

FOOLED THE SEARCHERS.

How a Quick Witted Scotchwoman Saved a Fugitive.

John Maxwell, a stout Protestant, who had taken part in the battle of Rullion Green, Nov. 28, 1666, successfully defied the many attempts that were made to capture him. Once he had a very narrow shave. The soldiers traced him to Edinburgh and there gave him a chase. Bolting down a close, he dashed into a tavern and explained his desperate case to the landlady, who locked him into the chest that held the oatmeal. The soldiers then entered and searched the house from top to bottom, but could not find their man. Vowing they knew he was on the premises, they called for drink and sat down to think over the matter. One of them, seated on the box that contained the fugitive, remarked:

"I wouldn't say but the Whig is in this very kist (chest). Guidwife, gie's the key and we'll see."

In no way put about, the landlady went to the door and cried to her girl upstairs:

"Jennie, rin to the guidman for the key o' the kist till we see if a Whig can lie in the meal and no be hoasting (coughing) wi't."

At this the soldiers burst out laughing, felt there was truth in the guidwife's taunt, drained their cups and departed. Maxwell at last managed to escape to Ireland, where he died.

MACARONI.

One Story of the Origin of the Name and the Dish.

A great many stories are in existence about the origin of the word "macaroni" and the invention of the dish so designated. According to one authority, a drunken chef employed by one of the popes was responsible both for the name and the dish. He was preparing a soufflé for the papal soup, and, having taken considerably more than a drop too much, he went on stirring the flour until the soufflé was of the consistency of hard tack. The assistant chef, knowing that his holiness was not overpatient about things pertaining to the table, ventured to call the attention of his chef to this fact, and the latter, being a resourceful man, decided to make a paste instead of a soufflé.

He waited the result with some anxiety and responded to a call to appear before his holiness with considerable perturbation. Visions of a stay in the papal dungeon rose before him, and when the pontiff asked, with a smiling face, for the name of the wonderful paste served in the soup he was too nervous to think of a name. "Macaro" (my favorite) he replied at last, and the pontiff, not catching the words exactly, said: "Macaroni? Well, in future never serve me a meal without a dish of macaroni."—Indianapolis Sentinel.

A BRAVE TOREADOR.

One of the Most Thrilling Incidents of the Bull Ring.

The famous Spanish toreador Reverte figured in one of the most thrilling incidents ever witnessed in the arena. It was at Bayonne. After disposing of two bulls Reverte had twice plunged his sword into a third of great strength and ferocity, and as the beast continued careering wildly the spectators began to hiss Reverte for bungling. Wounded to the very quick of his pride, the Spaniard shouted, "The bull is slain!" and, throwing aside his sword, sank on one knee with folded arms in the middle of the ring. He was right, but he had not allowed for the margin of accident. The wounded beast charged full upon him, but the matadore, splendid to the last, knelt motionless as a statue, while the spectators held their breath in horrified suspense. Reaching his victim, the bull literally bounded at him, and as he sprang he sank in death, with his last effort giving one fearful lunge of the head that drove a horn into the thigh of the kneeling man and laid bare the bone from the knee to the joint. Still Reverte never flinched, but remained kneeling, exultant in victory, but calmly contemptuous of applause, till he was carried away to heal him of his grievous wound.

A Bold Man.

A handsome English girl recently returned from Spain was recounting her experiences to a circle of friends, among whom was a Spaniard. "The thing that delighted me most," she said, "was that charming practice they have in Spain of offering you instantly what you may chance to admire." "Do you approve of the custom?" asked the Spanish friend. "Oh, yes!" was the reply. "Senorita, you have very beautiful lips!" exclaimed the impulsive Andalusian.—London Chronicle.

The Middle Aged Woman.

To be frankly old—with white hair, with a lovely network of wrinkles that look like lace—is to be a belle. One may also be quite young. It is the time between that matters. The middle aged woman is gone so completely gone that in a little while the world will talk quite gravely of preserving a specimen for posterity. In a few years specimens will be sought for, like Sheraton furniture.—London World of Dress.

Not In the Pugilistic Line.

Bull—Yes, Miss Lang mentioned to me last night that she knew you. By the way, I never knew before that you were a pugilist. Cadley—I a pugilist? Bull—Yes; she told me you were a "lightweight."—Philadelphia Press.

Teaching the Young Idea.

Young Crow—Of course I'm anxious to see the world, Old Crow—Well, you'll find lots of things in it that don't belong to you. Help yourself!—New York Press.

THE MINER and Tri-Weekly Tribune one year for $1.75 IN ADVANCE.

THE MOOD OF MIGHT.

There Is a Peculiar Potency In Belief In One's Own Power.

Achievement is less a matter of natural ability and external circumstance than of the habitual mental attitude. Success, happiness and accomplishment of all kinds are born of confidence, buoyancy and faith. Discontent, self distrust and hesitancy are all cankers, eating into every part of life and destroying force and perfection at every point.

There is a peculiar potency in belief in one's own power. This need have no element of egotism in it, only a steadfast trust in oneself. Yet even childish self conceit is better than weak depreciation of self and the jellied muscle resulting. To believe in one's own success, to think and act always with confident assurance that it is possible to do anything and all things that one desires to do—such an attitude buoys up the spirit, sends the currents of energy and skill pulsing through the body and makes the maximum of accomplishment possible.

There is nothing of this nature that will make hard work unnecessary. But hard work, vivified by the electric current of faith and triumphant confidence, will be multiplied in effect as if by magic. The human mechanism in all its intricacies and potencies is operated by a mental and spiritual dynamo the essence of which is faith, confidence and love. Why let life be operated at the minimum when deliberate, persistent effort can awaken the forces which will make each one the full man or woman he or she was meant to be?—Rocky Mountain News.

THE CRIMINAL SQUIRREL.

He Is a Thief and a Murderer and a Forest Destroyer.

I wish to take away for all time the character of the squirrel. He is a thief and a murderer. Admired by ignorant city people and by journalists, he devotes his life to eating the eggs and killing the young of harmless and useful birds, which, if permitted to live and increase, would protect the forests from harmful insects. By killing these birds the squirrel takes rank as a forest destroyer. Moreover, the red squirrel is not the only sinner. In my opinion the gray is almost, if not quite, as bad.

I have killed many squirrels caught in the act of eating eggs of young birds. Any bird that selects a nesting place which is also adopted to the use of squirrels is almost certain to be ejected. When a forest has been destroyed by fires, lumbermen or insects, it is almost impossible for natural reforesting to take place if squirrels are abundant in an adjoining tract, because they eat the seeds. Fifty seeds per head each day would be a low estimate. Yet even this would make 18,250 in a year. And seeds are not the only thing. In winter the ground is often strewn with twigs that have been stripped of buds by squirrels. The trees attacked are generally situated at the border of a dense forest and would, if left alone, yield the greatest seed crop. A single squirrel thus destroys in one day thousands of seeds in the germ. In Montana I have seen the grays rob birds' nests.—Country Life in America.

Bee Hunting In Adirondacks.

There is a charm about bee hunting peculiar to this particular spot, and it can be enjoyed wherever bees locate. There were flowers about the camp, over which we had often noticed honeybees hovering, and the guide said he had been watching their maneuvers and it was about time to give them a chase. Our outfit was very simple, consisting of a box about four inches square, divided into two parts by an ordinary slide, the lower compartment containing a piece of bread or honeycomb saturated with a sirup made of sugar and water boiled. The slide was pushed into place and the decoy was ready for the bee family. It is easy to trap a honeybee if one only knows how.—Leslie's Weekly.

A Thoughtful Empress.

One evening Catherine II. of Russia had dined in one town and was to return to her palace in another some miles distant. These journeys were made with much ceremony and magnificence. The great sleighs were ready to start for home. Catherine sat alone in the imperial sleigh. She inquired if the drivers and the footmen had had dinner. Receiving a negative reply, she at once left her sleigh. "They have as much need of dinner as we," she said to her party. And she waited patiently until the servants had dined.

Not Precipitate.

Cholly—It was the first time I'd met Crabbe, mind you, and he actually called me a fool. Hadn't been talking to him ten minutes, don't you know. What sort of fellah is he, anyway? Miss Pepprey—Well, he's awfully slow, for one thing.—Catholic Standard and Times.

Indirect Action.

Hix—Did that trip to Europe relieve your mind of your family troubles? Dix—Indirectly, yes; it emptied my pocketbook so successfully that I was obliged to take my mind off my family for awhile to replenish it.—Detroit Free Press.

On the Pullman.

"Let's get out at the next station and stretch our legs."

"Oh, leave that to the porter."—Cleveland Leader.

Shining In Society.

Jim—Scragg's shining in society. Jam—So? Jim—Yes; private bootblack for the Gouldorbilts.—Princeton Tiger.

A little sorrow may teach more than many sermons.—Chicago Tribune.

SOME FOOLISH PEOPLE

Allow a cough to run until it gets beyond the reach of medicine. They often say: "Oh it will wear away," but in most cases it will wear them away. Could they be induced to try the successful medicine called Kemp's Balsam, which is sold on a positive guarantee to cure, they would immediately see the excellent effect after taking the first dose. Price 25c and 50c. Trial size free. At all druggists.

Official Directory.

STATE.

Governor—Samuel W. Pennypacker.
Lieutenant Governor—W. M. Brown.
State Treasurer—Frank G. Harris.
Auditor General—E. B. Hardenbergh.
Secy of Internal Affairs—J. B. Brown

DISTRICT AND COUNTY.

President Judge—Joseph W. Bouton, Smethport.
Member of Congress—S. R. Dresser, Bradford.
State Senator—Myron Mason, Bradford.
Members of Assembly—J. W. Campell, Kane; J. M. McKinny, Bradford.
District Attorney—John P. Melvin, Bradford, Pa.
Sheriff—Charles E. Mays, Morrisons.
Prothonotary—E. E. Bell, Smethport.
Recorder—H. M. Chase, Smethport.
Register—J. B. Eastman, Smethport.
Clerk of Courts—W. H. Morrison, Smethport.
County Treasurer—A. W. Boyd, Bradford.
Commissioners—Geo. Grimins, Kane; J. A. Peterson, Bradford; W. P. Walsh, Smethport.
Com'rs' Clerk—S. D. Weaver, Kane.
Jury Commissioners—S. M. Love, Rixford and Leon Curtis, Farmers Valley.
Auditors—Oscar Engstrom, Smethport; B. G. Bartle, Port Allegany; James Devlin, Bradford.
Coroner—B. H. Hall, M. D., Bradford.
County School Superintendent—J. E. Myers, Smethport.

BOROUGH.

Burgess—Charles McKean.
Council—W. A. Ostrander, president; Mrs. Lena Hyde, secretary; Chas. Johnson, J. W. Voorhees, N. D. Ramer, J. F. Rooney, James Herrman, J. C. Cunningham.
Justices—B. L. Kapp, H. C. Gleason.
Constable—E. W. Jones.
High Constable—Andrew Ness.
School Directors—E. R. Mayo, president; Jun. N. Apple, treasurer; P. D. Gallup, secretary; W. F. Specht, H. W. Rubin, Oscar Engstrom.
Collector—H. C. Gleason.
Assessor—F. H. Freeman.
Auditors—C. C. Choate, A. H. Kidder.
Judge of Election—G. H. Rude.
Inspectors of Election—J. A. Swanson, C. H. Burlingame.

Lodge Directory.

F. & A. M.—McKean Lodge, No. 368, meets on the second and fourth Wednesday of each month, at 7:30 o'clock p. m. at Masonic Hall, Main street.

GUY E MAYO, W. M.
W. F. SPECHT, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Lodge, No. 389, meets Friday evenings at 8:00 o'clock in I. O. O. F. Hall. Will work Initiary degree first meeting of each month; 1st degree on second; and degree on third, and 3rd degree on fourth meetings.

WM. FUNDISON, N. G.
W. G. HOLDER, Secy.

I. O. O. F.—Smethport Encampment, No. 2273, meets the first and third Wednesdays of each month in I. O. O. F. Hall.

S. E. SWANSON, Chief Patriarch.
H. M. CHOATE, Scribe.

G. A. R.—McKean Post, No. 347, meets first Thursday afternoon of each month at 8 p. m in the Odd Fellows Hall.

H. L. BURLINGAME, Com.
H. M. CHOATE, Adjutant.

W. R. C.—Meets every Thursday afternoon at I. O. O. F. Hall.

MRS. ADELL GRIGSBY, Pres't.
MRS. ROSE PEIRCE, Sec'y.

A. O. U. W.—Smethport Lodge, No. 182, meets Tuesday evening of each month in Kerns Hall.

Z. U. GIFFORD, M. W.
J. C. GALLUP, Recorder.

K. O. T. M.—Smethport Tent, No. 9, meets every second and fourth Tuesday evening at 7:30 in I. O. O. F. Hall.

A. H. KIDDER, Com.
W. H. MORRISON, R. K.

L. O. T. M.—Brown Hive, No. 48, meets in I. O. O. F. Hall, Thursday afternoons.

MOLLIE E. PEIRCE, Com.
LIZZIE F. HOLDER, R. K.

C. M. B. A.—Smethport Branch 33, meets second and fourth Wednesdays of each month at W. C. T. U. Hall, Backus block, at 7:30 p. m.

JAMES LYNCH, Pres't.
THOMAS CLARK, Rec. Sec'y.

W. C. T. U.—Meets every alternate Wednesday at 8 p. m in the M. E. Chapel.

MRS. JANE N. FORSYTHE, Pres.
MRS. MARY E. RICHMOND, Sec'y.

P. H. C.—Smethport Branch, No. 25, meets on every Tuesday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall.

C. M. COLEGROVE, Pres.
ALICE HEATLEY, Sec'y.

Phoenix Chapter No. 15, O. E. S.—Meets first and third Thursdays in each month in Odd Fellows' Hall.

MISS MAY CHOATE, W. M.
MRS. ROSE MALCOLM, Sec'y.

I. O. R. M.—Meets every Monday evening in I. O. O. F. Hall. Adoption degree 1st Monday; Warrior's degree 2nd Monday; Chief's degree 3rd Monday.

A. A. ABBEY, S.
L. K. HOGARTH, C. of R.

Churches

Methodist Episcopal—Gaylord H. Patterson, Ph. D., pastor. Class Meeting, Sunday at 10 a. m. Preaching at 10:30 a. m. Sunday School at 11:45 a. m. Junior League at 4 p. m. Epworth League at 6:30 p. m. Preaching at 7:30 p. m. General prayer meeting Thursday at 7:30 p. m.

Episcopal—J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Services every Sunday at 10:30 a. m. and 7:45 p. m. Additional service at 8 a. m., except on first Sunday of each month. Sunday School at 9:30 a. m.

All Saint's Memorial Chapel.—East Smethport—Rev. J. Heber McCandless, Rector. Divine services every Sunday at 2:45 p. m. Sunday School 3:30 p. m. The Ladies' Guild meets every Friday at 10 a. m.

St. Elizabeth Catholic Church.—Rev. P. Cosgrove, Pastor. Mass at 11 a. m. Service at 11:30 a. m. Sunday School at 3 p. m. Services on each Sunday.

First Baptist Church.—P. S. Calvin, Pastor. Preaching each Sunday at 11:00 a. m., and 7:30 p. m. Sunday School at 10 a. m. Junior Endeavor at 3 p. m. Senior Endeavor at 6:30 p. m. Prayer meeting each Wednesday evening at 7:30. Ladies' Aid Society meets each Friday afternoon in the church building. Women's Missionary Circle meets the first Tuesday evening in each month. The pastor preaches in the East Smethport Chapel each Sunday afternoon at 2:30. All are invited. Seats free.

Colegrove.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every Sunday morning at 11 o'clock.

Clermont Church.—Rev. W. F. Tubbs, Pastor. Services every other Sunday at 3 p. m.

THE VESTIBULED LIMITED

Pennsylvania RAILROAD

BUFFALO AND ALLEGHENY VALLEY DIVISION.

Time Table—Taking effect Nov. 27, 1904.

TRAINS LEAVE SMETHPORT.

For Clermont, Ridgway, DuBois and Pittsburg:

Train 122, week days 10:10 a. m

For Larabee, Port Allegany, Coudersport and points; Olean, Buffalo and points north.

Train 123, week days 4:04 p. m.

PHILADELPHIA & ERIE DIVISION TIME TABLE.

TRAINS LEAVE EMPORIUM JUNCTION EASTWARD.

8:20 a. m.—Train 12, week days, for Sunbury, Wilkesbarre, Scranton, Hazleton, Pottsville, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 6:25 p. m., New York 9:30 p. m., Baltimore 6:00 p. m., Washington 7:15 p. m. Pullman Parlor car from Williamsport to Philadelphia, and passenger coaches from Kane to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore and Washington.

12:25 p. m.—Train 8, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:32 p.m., New York 10:23 p. m., Baltimore 7:30 p. m., Washington 8:35 p. m. Vestibuled parlor cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

3:23 p. m.—Train 6, daily, for Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 4:25 a. m., New York 7:13 a. m. Baltimore 2:20 a. m., Washington 3:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Harrisburg to Philadelphia and New York. Philadelphia passengers can remain in sleeper undisturbed until 7:30 a. m.

10:26 p. m.—Train 4, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:22 a. m., New York 9:53 a. m., week days (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:15 a. m., Washington 8:30 a. m. Pullman sleeping cars from Erie and Williamsport to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Washington and passenger cars from Erie to Philadelphia and Williamsport to Baltimore.

12:20 a. m.—Train 14, daily for Sunbury, Harrisburg and principal intermediate stations, arriving at Philadelphia 7:17 a. m., New York 9:33 a. m week days, (10:38 a. m. Sundays.) Baltimore 7:2 a. m., Washington 8:40 a. m. Vestibuled Buffet sleeping cars and passenger coaches, Buffalo to Philadelphia and Washington.

WESTWARD.

5:10 a. m.—Train 13, daily, for Erie, Ridgway and weekdays DuBois, Clermont and intermediate stations.

10:26 a. m.—Train 3, daily for Erie and week days for DuBois and intermediate stations.

6:30 p. m.—Train 51, week days, for Kane and intermediate stations

Weekdays.

NORTH A M LV	STATIONS #	SOUTH Ar P M
2:20	Ridgway	11:50
2:40	Johnsonburg	11:30
2:56	Glen Hazel	11:15
3:07	Straight	11:04
3:12	Instanter	10:59
3:20	Smith's Run	10:52
3:29	Woodvale	10:45
3:39	Clermont	10:40
P M		A M

Connections are made with train 8, leaving Johnsonburg at 11:47 a. m. for Erie and intermediate points, arriving at Erie at 3:30 p. m. and at Ridgway with train 206, leaving Ridgway 12:01 p. m. for DuBois, Red Bank, Pittsburg and intermediate points and train 6, leaving Ridgway at 3:20 p. m. for Philadelphia, New York, Baltimore and Washington.

W. W. ATTERBURY, J. R. WOOD, General Manager. Pass. Traffic Mgr

GEO. W. BOYD, Gen'l Passenger Agent.

Buffalo, Bradford & Kane Railway.

Time table in Effect June 19th, 1904, Eastern Time.

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

8:00 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis, Aiken, Kinzua Jct., Bradford, Mt. Jewett and Kane, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. for all points East and West and at Kane with B. & O. R. R. for Nansen, Marienville, Clarion, Foxburg, Butler, Allegheny and intermediate, and with trains on P. & E. division, Pennsylvania R. R.

10:15 a. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R.

4:40 p. m.—Daily except Sunday for Ormsby, Bradford, Mt. Jewett, Kane and intermediate points, connecting at Bradford with trains on Erie R. R. Kane and West, and at Kane with P. & E. for Harrisburg Philadelphia, Baltimor and Washington.

6:15 p. m.—Saturdays only for Ormsby, Simpson, Davis Aiken, Kinzua Junction and Bradford.

Trains arrive from Bradford, Kane, Mt. Jewett and intermediate points, Daily except Sunday at 9:00 a. m., and 5:40 p. m. Saturday special arrivals from Bradford 12:30 a. m. (Sunday).

For tickets and full information call on or address B. J. Cummings, ticket agent, Smethport, Pa.

H. H. Gardiner, Gen'l Pass. Agent, Buffalo, N. Y. A. B. Campbell, Gen'l Supt. Bradford, Pa.

The Pittsburg, Shawmut & Northern R. R.

Effective May 29, 1904

Trains leave Smethport as follows:

7:00 a. m.—For Mt. Jewett (arr. 7:50 a. m.), connecting with B. R. & P. Ry. for Johnsonburg (arr. 9:25 a. m.); Ridgway (arr. 9:39 a. m.); DuBois (arr. 10:33 a. m.) and Punxsutawney (arr. 11:30 a. m.

9:01 a. m. for Eldred (arr. 9:30 a. m.); Olean (arr. 10:25 a. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 12:45 p. m.).

12:02 noon for Clermont (arr. 12:30 p. m.) St. Marys (arr. 1:48 p. m.); Shawmut (arr. 4:22 p. m.) and Brockwayville (arr. 4:47 p. m.).

2:20 p. m. for Eldred (arr. 2:49 p. m.); Olean (arr. 3:40 p. m.) connecting with P. R. R. for Buffalo (arr. 6:10 p. m.); Bolivar (arr. 3:33 p. m.); Friendship (arr. 4:08 p. m.); Angelica (arr. 4:34 p. m.); Hornellsville (arr 6:10 p. m.); Wayland (arr. 7:23 p. m.), connecting with D. L. & W. for all points east.

3:05 p. m.—For Larabee (arr. 3:35 p. m.) connecting with P. R. for Port Allegany (arr. 7:30 p. m.); Coudersport (arr. 7:45 p. m.); Emporium (arr 8:05 p. m.

Trains arrive:—9:01—From Mt. Jewett with connections from Kane. 9:30 p. m.—From Brockwayville, Shawmut, St. Marys and Clermont. 12:02 noon—From Hornellsville, Wayland, Angelica, Friendship, Bolivar and Olean 2:35 p. m.—From Mt. Jewett, with connections from B. R. & P. 7:22 p. m.—From Olean and Eldred.

N. B.—All trains daily except Sunday.

A. M. LANE, General Supt. St. Marys, Pa. O. J. RENWICK Gen. Pass. Agt.

COUDERSPORT & PORT ALLEGANY.

Railroad Time Table, taking effect Monday, March 18, 1901.

Ar. Eastward. A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	STATIONS.	Lv Westward. A.M.	P.M.	A.M.
8:05	7:05	2:10	Ulysses	7:20	2:25	9:10
7:50	6:53	2:10	Crowell	7:27	2:32	9:18
7:46	0	1:57	Carpenter	0	2:34	9:—
7:40	6:48	1:53	Perkins	7:32	2:37	9:26
7:37	6:45	1:50	New'd Junc	7:37	2:42	9:32
0	0	1:45	Newfield	7:41	2:46	0
7:05	6:36	1:41	Gold	7:44	2:49	9:48
7:00	6:30	1:35	Raymond	7:49	2:45	9:47
6:45	6:21	1:24	Seven Bdg's	8:01	3:06	10:02
6:40	6:17	1:20	Colesburg	8:04	3:09	10:10
6:25	6:10	1:12	Frinks	8:12	3:17	10:20
6:23	0	1:05	N. Coudsprt	0	3:20	10:25
6:10	6:00	1:00	Dp. Ar.	8:25	3:30	10:45
A.M.	A.M.	P.M.	Coudersport.			P.M.
4:20	7:45	12:15	Ar. Dp.	8:28	6:00	1:20
0	0	12:13	Hammond	0	0	0
4:05	7:38	12:09	Olmsted	8:33	6:05	1:31
3:59	7:33	12:02	Mina	8:38	6:10	1:37
3:45	0	11:59	Knowlton	0	6:17	0
3:40	7:25	11:55	Roulette	8:47	6:21	1:51
3:30	7:16	11:47	Bartville	8:54	6:28	2:01
3:23	0	11:41	Coleman	0	6:34	0
3:20	0	0	Chem. Works	0	0	0
3:15	7:05	11:36	Pt. Allegany	9:08	6:40	2:25
P.M.	P.M.	A.M.	Dp Ar	A.M.	P.M.	P.M.

o—Trains do not stop.

Connections at Ulysses with N. Y. C. & H. R. R.; at Port Allegany with W. N. Y. & P. Ry. and at Newfield Junction with B. & S. R. R.

Trains run on eastern standard time.

B. A. M'CLURE, Supt.

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The Chaplain's Cleverness

By C. B. Lewis

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One day at the Third National bank, in the city of Cornopolis, a stranger walked through the president's room and past the bookkeeper's and took from the pile of money stacked at the paying teller's right hand four packages of $10,000 each. He was coolly walking out again when stopped by the president and a gun.

The man was known to the police as "Slick Charlie," and to tell of all his adventures would fill a book. It was for his attempted theft of the $40,000 that he was sent to the Woonson penitentiary for five years. The officer who delivered him behind the doors of that institution said to the warden:

"Here is a man you want to keep an eye on. Don't lose sight of him day or night. He is bold and nervy on the one hand and slick and sly on the other. Don't trust him for an hour, or he'll beat the game."

The warden was a new man at the prison; but, having been sheriff of a county, he thought he knew about all sorts of criminals, and replied that No. 870, as "Slick Charlie" was recorded, would have to get up early in the morning to beat him.

If a prison chaplain were to be questioned about religion in a prison he would answer that scores of prisoners lived up to it and were earnest and devout. If an experienced warden were to be questioned he would answer that just when a prisoner began to "get good" he should be watched the closest. The chaplain at Woonson was a good man and one who had faith in himself. He thought his advice and appeals to burglars and murderers produced the desired effect. Among the prisoners he was known as an easy mark.

The new warden was wary of antagonizing the captain and a man not well posted on the tricks of criminals, so No. 870 found things easy for him when he entered prison. When he had had full opportunity to size up the chaplain he began to "get good." He was as earnest about this as he had been in supposing [illegible] goods. He began [illegible] and humble, and he wanted to be turned from paths of wickedness. Of course the chaplain did this best. When the police officials heard that "Slick Charlie" had been converted they notified the warden in writing that he would be

HE WAS COOLLY WALKING OUT AGAIN WHEN STOPPED BY THE PRESIDENT.

out of the "pen" within three months, and the chaplain sent an official complaint to the governor that the police were trying to discredit his labors.

The chaplain was a man forty-five years old, while No. 870 was only thirty. The chaplain was four inches the taller, had stoop shoulders and shambled as he walked. He also had a peculiar intonation. The slick convict gave up his original idea of digging for liberty to study the chaplain. At the end of five months he was one of the teachers in the evening school. At the end of seven he asked and got liberty to hold a Bible class on Sundays. He wrote and the chaplain delivered a sermon on "Christianity In Prison," which was commented on by hundreds of papers. Up to this time he had been working in the tailor shop. He was now given charge of the prison library, and his plans were as good as carried out.

It was the habit of the chaplain to visit the prison every afternoon from 3 to 5. A part of the time was spent with prisoners in their cells—men who were undergoing light punishment—and a part in the library, and he always left pretty promptly at 5. In going out he passed three guards at locked gates and went through the warden's office and out of the main door. No. 870 had held the position of librarian for three months, and it was midwinter. One afternoon the chaplain had been visiting in the prison and returned to the library at a quarter of 5. As he entered the room he received a blow that knocked him senseless, and when he recovered his wits half an hour had passed and he was tied hand and foot and gagged. It was 6 o'clock before he was released.

In the course of that hour No. 870 had done some wonderful things. After knocking down the chaplain he had stripped off the latter's outer garments and clothed himself in them; then he had secured his man with ropes and locked the door behind him as he emerged. Shambling down the corridor to the first guard, he had said:

"James, I came away today with only a dime in my pocket. Can you lend me a dollar until tomorrow?"

"With the greatest of pleasure, chaplain." And the money had been handed over.

The same game had been played on the two others, and then the "chaplain" had entered the warden's office. He could have passed right through, as the official was busy, but instead of that he took a chair and waited for ten minutes. When the warden was at liberty he was asked for a loan of $10, and the "chaplain" reported to him on the welfare of three or four different prisoners before saying good night. Fifteen minutes after leaving the prison the disguised prisoner entered the largest store in the town and borrowed $20 of the merchant and then disappeared.

When the library door was broken open at 6 o'clock and the real chaplain found there was a great commotion. Three gatemen were ready to swear that the clergyman had passed out, taking a dollar from each as he did so. The warden had seen and talked and loaned money to the same man. Two guards had also seen him. Here were six prison officials who could swear to a thing, and yet that thing was not a fact. No. 870 had simply imitated the chaplain down to a fine—his voice, gait, speech and general look.

At 11 o'clock the next forenoon the president of the Third National bank of Cornopolis was called out of his room for a moment. During his absence a man dressed like one of the clerks in the bank entered the room and bore away a package of bonds of the face value of $18,000. "Slick Charlie" wanted to be revenged upon the bank, and he wanted money with which to leave the country, and he carried in the town to get both. The president of the bank is sure of this, because a note left on his desk told him so.

How Thimbles Are Made.

In the making of a thimble there are several operations, the blank passing into the cup and then the rolling on of the band. Then the thimbles, which have assumed a form warranting the name, are carried to the factory proper, and after burnishing the more interesting process of kneeling is performed. This kneeling is the forming of the little indentations which receive the end of the needle and assist in pushing the point through the fabric. Placing the cup in a lathe, the operator with a suitable tool kneels the end of the thimble. During this operation a peculiar and by no means unpleasant musical sound is emitted with varying tones. The point of the thimble being reached, a flat kneeler finishes the side, and with a sharp edged tool the polished cutting at the sides of the band is performed. Then on another lathe it is placed in a hollow block and the inside burnished. All the oil and dirt are then removed, and the thimble is polished and made ready for the market.

Forecasting a Husband.

In Greece a young woman who wishes to know what sort of husband she is going to have goes to one of the gypsy fortune tellers who are regarded with much reverence. The fortune teller gives her a pie seasoned with aromatic herbs. This she eats just before going to bed, having hung around her neck a bag with three flowers, one white, one red and one yellow. The next morning she draws one of the flowers out of the bag. If it be white, she is to marry a young man; if red, one of middle age; if yellow, a widower. She relates what she has dreamed in the night to the fortune teller, who predicts whether her husband is to be rich and the marriage happy. If the predictions are not carried out to the letter, no fault is ascribed to the fortune teller. This deviation by the bag and different colored flowers is equally adaptable to all countries and has the merit of being a cheap and easy way of settling one's future, if one has only faith enough.

Bagged the Bandits.

When Maximilian was emperor of Mexico the country was overrun with train robbers. They marched about in large bands, tore up the tracks and robbed everybody. One day the train from Vera Cruz to the City of Mexico was bounding gayly along, the five coaches filled with hidalgoes, peons, market women and farmers. Suddenly it came to a standstill. The train guard cried out, "Bandits!" Sure enough, on either side of the road the ragged but desperate ruffians were lined up. Suddenly hidalgoes, peons, market women and farmers arose. There were a blinding flash and a deafening volley from both sides of the car, and 100 of the bandits fell dead, while the 300 soldiers, disguised in the costumes of the country, turned out of the cars, pursued the flying robbers and killed every one.

A Memory Method.

Association is the vital spring of memory, and any one who analyzes his thought process may catch himself recalling a thing by a series of allied things. Many people have tried to systematize association and arrange a scientific memory method.

A mathematician has discovered a most interesting process for remembering dates. Suppose you have forgotten the year of the Norman conquest. Take the date of your birth and add to it the number of the month when you were born. Multiply the result by the day of the month your father was born. Square the result. Add six.

Now divide by the cube root of the number of people in the United States, forget the result, add 1,066 and you have the required date.

THE DOG'S COLD NOSE.

Its Origin, According to the Log Book of Noah's Ark.

"The true story of the dog's cold nose has been handed down to us sailors from the log book of the ark," says a sailor in the New York Times. "Mrs. Noah went down one morning to the potato bin in the lower hold for the vegetables required for the noonday meal. Her favorite collie dog, Nip, followed her, as was his daily custom. While Mrs. Noah was sorting out the tubers the ark collided with a small snag, which punctured a small hole in her side close to where the lady stood. Seeing that immediate action was necessary, she took off her woolen petticoat and apron and stuffed them into the hole, but the pressure of the water forced the things out, and so she put them back again and sat on them, calling loudly for assistance. But no one seemed to hear her, as the animals were making such a noise. In her position she leaned back so that the backs of her arms were pressed up against the cold sides of the vessel; hence the backs of women's arms are always cold. The water was coming in fast, and she began to fear for the safety of the ark, so she jumped up and, grabbing Nip, put his nose into the hole and bade him stay there until she went to the fore hatch and shouted for help. A carpenter's mate heard her and came down into the hold with a soft pine plug, released poor Nip and stopped the leak. The water outside was very cold, and Nip got a cold nose, and hence all healthy dogs have a cold nose."

THE INFERNAL REGIONS.

How They Are Depicted in Buddhism and Islamism.

The infernal regions of Buddhism are horrible. They comprise a great hell and 134 lesser hells. In these hells, according to the sculptures of the Buddhist temples, men are ground to powder and their dust turned into ants and dogs and spiders. They are pestled in a mortar. The hungry eat reddish iron balls. The thirsty drink molten lead.

Islamism says of the infernal regions: "They who believe not shall have garments of fire fitted for them. Boiling water shall be poured on their heads and melt their bowels, and they shall be beaten with mauls of iron."

In the Scandinavian mythology, the mythology of Odin and Thor, we are told that in Niefl there is a vast and direful structure with doors full face to the north. It is formed entirely of the backs of serpents, wattled together like wickerwork. But the serpents' heads are turned toward the inside of the hall and they continually send forth floods of venom, in which wade all those who commit murder or forswear themselves."

In the past Christian clergymen loved to describe hell. The present tendency, however, is to avoid discussion of this place—to dwell upon the gentler and more lovely side of Christianity.—Exchange.

Napoleon's Outrider.

Wernet, Napoleon's outrider, once saved his emperor's life. It was after the abdication of Fontainebleau and when Wernet drove Napoleon away from the palace that he received from a peasant information of a plot to fire on the coach as it passed through the forest. The outrider, representing that there was an obstruction on the road, persuaded the emperor to leave the coach and ride around in another direction, while he brought the carriage as best he could to meet him. This was done, and Wernet encountered a furious fusillade, which, however, left him unscathed, as it was directed not at the box, but at the interior of the empty vehicle. Wernet lived to be outrider to Louis Philippe.—Westminster Gazette.

The Corset In 2000 B. C.

Mr. Arthur Evans, the Oxford archaeologist, who made so many interesting discoveries in the so called palace of Minos, in Crete, found in a subterranean sanctuary certain very ancient small earthenware statues, representing some goddess and two of her servants. The dress of the figures is highly modern. The goddess, we grieve to say, wears a corset—just such a corset as contemporary man shyly wonders at in the windows of a department store.—Everybody's.

A Japanese Peculiarity.

"When a Japanese servant is rebuked or scolded," says a traveler, "he must smile like a Cheshire cat. The etiquette in smiles is very misleading at first. I often used to think that Taki, my jikshа boy, meant to be impertinent when he insisted on smiling when I was angry at him. But when he told me of the death of his little child with a burst of laughter I knew that this was only one of the curious details of etiquette in this topsy turvy land."

No Encouragement For Him.

"So she refused you? Well, didn't she give you any encouragement at all?"

"No, not a bit. She told me that before she'd consider the matter again I'd have to get a job and prove that I had it in me to support a family."—Chicago Record-Herald.

The First Quarrel.

Greene—My wife and I quarreled last night for the first time in years. Browne—What about? Greene—She thought the reason we had never done so before was due to her generous nature, and I thought it was mine.

The Dentist's Fun.

"Mr. Dento, I want a tooth pulled. I'm a great coward when it comes to enduring pain, and yet I'm afraid of both laughing gas and chloroform."

"You might be happy with ether."

A KNIGHT IN SPAIN

By... KEITH GORDON

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The partition was not very thick, and the girl often heard him whistling or singing in the next room. His repertory was extensive and confusing. "She's the bestest girl that is, and I need her in my biz," would hint to to her, followed perhaps by the strains of "Samson et Delilah" or some music equally fine.

One knew the sort of a man who would sing coon songs with gusto; also the sort that would hum bits from the grand operas. The puzzling thing was to know what sort of a man would take an impartial delight in both. So in the intervals of her work she began to speculate about her unknown neighbor.

At the end of two months she tabulated her knowledge of him. He was gay and debonair. Witness the scraps of song that floated in to her. He was carelessly indifferent to women. This she gleaned from the fact that five days out of seven she could hear him contentedly asserting:

> If she be not fair to me,
> What care I how fair she be!

He smoked inveterately—a pipe, she fancied. Sometimes the faint, elusive spirit of the thing seemed to float about her own bedroom, and she sniffed again and again, her small head well in the air, but could never be quite sure. The partition bore her startled scrutiny imperturbably, but—well, she was sure she smelled smoke.

He was about thirty. This she divined from the freshness of his voice and his boyish delight in the chatter of the elderly chambermaid, whose Irish wit would send him into peals of laughter.

Also he was a man of the world, since she heard him come in early many evenings and move about his room as if dressing for dinner. Then at half past 6 or 7 he would go out again, leaving her with an absurd sense of desolation.

They never encountered each other in the halls, much to her satisfaction, but she came to have a very distinct idea of his appearance. He was tall, broad and straight, with a clear cut face and an air of knowing his way about.

"Sure, an' he's a foine gintleman," Maggie informed her once; but, though she might have verified her idea of him, she retained with a fine sense of personal reserve. Sometimes, through the open door she caught a glimpse of his room, and her interested eyes took in the dark green walls, covered with handsome photographs, the low bookcases on either side of the fireplace and the low, broad table with its litter of books and papers.

"It certainly looks as if he were an interesting man," she thought to herself, and thereupon she entered her own room, and, taking out a sheet of paper bearing the mystical heading "My Knight in Spain," she wrote:

"Evidently educated—a college man; profession, law, literature or something of the kind."

"Maggie, is there any one in the next room?" she heard him inquire one Sunday morning. Then in answer to Maggie's muffled reply: "Little Miss Mouse, I should call her. I didn't know there was any one there, though once or twice I've thought I heard some one."

The girl blushed guiltily. Apparently he had no idea how plainly she could hear him. Then she smiled to herself. So he would call her little Miss Mouse. Well, it was fair enough since she called him her Gentleman of Spain.

For awhile after this she noticed a decided effort on her neighbor's part to go softly. In the midst of a stave he would cease abruptly, only to begin afresh and stop again with an impatient exclamation, as if he were annoyed at not being able to remember to be quiet. At all of which, in the seclusion of her room, little Miss Mouse laughed immoderately, though in silence.

Then one morning Maggie found her in bed, her usually pale face flushed, her heavy hair covering the pillow in a tossed and tangled mass.

"It's nothing, but perhaps you'd better get a doctor," gasped Miss Mouse. "My head's so queer, and, oh, I'm so warm!"

Soon after a serene faced nurse in a striped uniform and white apron was installed in the room, and to her little Miss Mouse, down with brain fever, talked an unending jargon.

"If you can have a castle in Spain you can certainly have a knight in Spain, can't you?" she demanded over and over again.

"Of course you can," soothed the nurse.

"I'd be very lonely if he vanished, as castles in Spain do," she said at another time, with wistful, puzzled eyes. "You don't think he will vanish, do you? Because I'm all alone here. He's the only person I really know.

"Won't you ever tell, upon your honor?" she rambled on. "It's very strange. I don't just understand it, but actually I have never seen him! Can you believe it, I've never seen him, and yet I know him so well. I don't understand it, and my head is splitting. Hold it! Hold it!"

The man in the next room was very quiet these days. From Maggie he had learned of the little artist's illness, and from her also he heard of the strange hallucination about the man in Spain. When she told him he shot a quick, piercing look from his deep set eyes, but evidently there was no connection in her mind between the sick girl's fancy and himself.

Instinctively he knew the truth. "Poor little girl," he mused. "Lonely, struggling, with nothing to feed her love of companionship and romance upon but the sense of fellowship with the unseen occupant of the next room. It is well that she hasn't seen this ugly mug of mine," he concluded grimly.

So he fell into the way of stopping to inquire about her of the nurse each morning and then of sending great bunches of violets, upon which the sick girl's half conscious eyes rested later on with dreamy pleasure.

"Who picked them?" were her first intelligent words when the fever left her and she became herself. Then, realizing where she was and what had happened, she laughed weakly and corrected herself, "Who sent them, I mean?"

At the reply a faint color crept into her cheeks, and she murmured something the nurse did not catch.

Then came the days when she sat up, feeling like a new creature come to a new world, though in appearance she was more than ever like a frail child.

"Come in. I think she would like to thank you," said the nurse when one day the man stopped to make his usual inquiry, and a moment later he was stumbling before little Miss Mouse, his heart thumping at the gaze of two dark fringed eyes that reminded him of violets.

She stammered out her thanks, scarcely knowing what she said, so great was her astonishment, for, in fact, the Knight in Spain, whose face she thought she knew as well as her own, was dark and most uncompromisingly ugly. Besides, he was old—forty if he was a day—and—and—

In another moment her surprise was forgotten. A big, strong hand was holding hers, and the voice that she liked so much was speaking. There was a vibrant tenderness in it that she had never noticed before—that seemed personal, that suggested, outlandish as the idea was, that to her of all the women in the world would he ever speak in just that tone.

* * * * * * *

It was on that [illegible] longing to hear [illegible] the beautiful words [illegible]

"You're sure you don't [illegible] marrying an ugly brute like me?"

She laughed softly, laying her cheek against his. But she did not speak. With quick pain he pulled the face down where he could look into the depths of those dark fringed eyes. His lips touched her hair, and he murmured brokenly, "Oh, little Miss Mouse!"

The Dangers of Orchid Hunting.

The most beautiful region the orchid collector meets in his travels is along the Orinoco, the Rio Negro and the Amazon, in South America. The scenery at times passes beyond the beautiful and becomes so grand as to be almost terrible. Everything is on such a great scale. The rivers are the largest in the world, veritable seas at high water, the vegetation luxuriant beyond comparison and the animal and fish life startlingly strange. There we find the Cattleya superderoe, a magnificent orchid with white flowers, which blooms about Easter time. But the dangers and vexations of a trip on the Orinoco, for instance, would hardly be believed. Miles and miles back from the coast in the district where the orchids are found the Indians are in a wild state and are foes to all white men. They lurk in the bushes along the banks of the river and shoot poisoned arrows at you if you happen to venture within range of their blow guns. The center of the stream is the only safe place. During the rainy season the mosquitoes swarm on the Orinoco in clouds, and sleep is next to impossible. Even the grass when you venture ashore is your enemy.—Harper's Weekly.

The Spoiled Children of the World.

Burmese children are the spoiled children of the world, according to V. C. Scott O'Connor. In his book, "The Silken East," he says that they are never punished by their parents, who universally adore them. They grow up in the open air with all the grace of young, unchecked life. "The sheer joy of life abides in them," says he, "and they seem to live perpetually at play in the village street, where they play a game of ninepins with the great seeds of a jungle creeper; in the monastery, where they lie upon the floor and scream out their lessons with lusty delight; in the river, in which they splash and plunge before they can walk; at the play, where they crawl about among the feet of the prima donna and the posing kings, and at the pagoda, where they hold flowers before them with faces screwed up to gravity, with laughter pent up behind it. And if there be any dispute about the good looks of their elders there can be none as to the prettiness of Burmese children."

Creatures of the Unfathomed Deep.

Such fierce carnivorous fishes as exist in the depths of the ocean are unknown at the surface. There is the "black swallower," which devours other finny creatures ten times as big as itself, literally climbing over its victim, first with one jaw and then with the other. Another species is nearly all mouth, and, having no power of locomotion, it lies buried in the soft ooze at the bottom, its head alone protruding, ready to engulf any prey that may wander into its cavernous jaws. There is a ferocious kind of shark resembling a huge eel. All of these monsters are as black as ink. Some of them are perfectly blind, while others have enormous goggling eyes. No ray of sunlight ever pierces the dark, unfathomed caves in which they dwell. Each species is gobbled by the species next bigger, for there is no vegetable life to feed on.

THE BLACKSMITH.

His Profession Is Both an Art and a Handicraft.

There are few more attractive places for the average youth than the village blacksmith shop. Longfellow did not express the whole of it:

> And children coming home from school
> look in at the open door;
> They love to see the flaming forge and
> hear the bellows roar.

It has a far more valid reason for hypnotizing the boy than this. The greatest charm of the blacksmith shop, both for the young and for grown folk, lies in the fact that, while it is a place where handicraft rules, both hand and brain are required to produce the desired results. It is half an art and a handicraft, for art is either constructive or imitative, while a handicraft is either useful or decorative. The blacksmith must be skilled in them all.

As for horseshoeing, in its best sense it rises to the dignity of one of the learned professions, for no one can shoe a horse properly and not understand something about anatomy and physiology. Looking at it in this way—and there is no other right view to be taken of it—the calling of a blacksmith is one of dignity and honor.—Blacksmith and Wheelwright.

STROLLING MINSTRELS.

West India Negroes Have Music and Masquerades Christmas.

Christmas in the West Indies is a very jovial, rollicking affair, at least in the estimation of the negroes. The great feature of the season is the series of masquerades or mystery plays enacted by strolling negro performers.

These are of two sorts, representations of such Biblical stories as that of David and Goliath, when you may see the jolly actors clad in such historically accurate garments as "bedtick" trousers and cretonne coats of flaming patterns, and those of a purely local character. Of these last is the mongoose play, which is peculiar to St. Kitts and the object of which is to wage mimic war against the destructive pest which is the curse of the island. These strolling players are the chief feature of Christmas celebrations.

They are quite an imposing lot of men, with a good ear for music, and as you watch their antics you might easily imagine that instead of being in a civilized British colony you were back in the heart of Africa, assisting at some savage death dance or other heathen rite.—Detroit Free Press.

FISHING LINES.

The Very Finest Are Those Formed From Silkworm Gut.

Silkworm gut forms the best line for fishing purposes partly on account of its great tenacity and partly because it is so transparent. Every year a sufficient number of Spanish silkworm grubs are selected for this purpose. After they have eaten enough mulberry leaves and before they begin to spin they are thrown into vinegar for several hours. Each insect is killed, and the substance which the grub in the natural course would have spun into a cocoon is forcibly drawn from the dead worm into a much thicker and shorter silken thread.

The threads are then placed in pure water for about four hours and afterward dipped for ten minutes in a solution of soft soap. The fine outer skin is thus loosened, so that the workman can remove it with his hands. The threads must be dried in a shady place and are often bleached with sulphur vapor until they acquire the bright appearance of spun glass.—London Telegraph.

Harrison's Rejoinder.

Every schoolboy is familiar with the saying of Benjamin Franklin as the group of anxious faced yet loyal men stood around to sign the immortal Declaration of Independence, "Now we must all hang together or we'll all hang separately." But the rejoinder of the signer, Benjamin Harrison, to the above witticism is not so well known. Harrison, a portly man, looking down over his ample proportions, replied, "Yes; but when they drop us off at a rope's end some of you lightweights will be kicking and suffering long after I'm done for."

Duty of a Cheerful Face.

To wear a cheerful face when the heart is aching is not deceit. When a good housekeeper cleans the front steps and porch before she sets the house to rights she does not mean to deceive passersby. She merely shows some pride in her house and some consideration for her neighbors. We conquer our heartaches more quickly when we begin by considering the friends who are near us.

Lucky to Be Alive.

Patient—Great Scott, doctor, that's an awful bill for one week's treatment! Physician—My dear fellow, if you knew what an interesting case yours was and how strongly I was tempted to let it go to a postmortem you wouldn't grumble at a bill three times as big as this.—Chicago Tribune.

Not Unexpected.

"O'Rafferty is dead. He wuz sthruck by lightnin'."

"Oi's not surprised at all. The lasht toime Oi saw him he wuz lookin' mighty bad."

A Definition.

Little Clarence—Pa, what is an optimist? Mr. Callipers—An optimist, my son, is a person who doesn't care what happens if it doesn't happen to him.—Puck.

Whoever dreads punishment suffers it, and whoever deserves it dreads it.—Colton.

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On the Journey

By CICELY ALLEN

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"I am very sorry it cannot be arranged," said the young man, with a deprecatory wave of his hand, "but"—

"All the latest popular novels! Last chance to get your reading matter! No books sold on train after it starts!" The newsboy bawled this in Amy Curtis' ear, and she lost all the young man said except the words "can't climb those beastly steps."

Not that she cared. She was quite able to climb the little ladder to the upper berth. Her lip curled scornfully.

"Oh, it doesn't matter in the least, you know. It was the conductor's idea, I assure you. Only in the south, where I come from, men, as a rule, are more obliging."

She picked up her novel and proceeded to ignore McKean's presence. He looked at her blankly, then flung himself down the sleeper to the smoking compartment. "Well, I do think she's a bit harsh!" He pulled out a paper and tried to forget the scorn in the eyes but recently lifted to meet his.

In the meantime the girl in section 7 stared wrathfully at the letters in her book, which fairly danced before her eyes. "A nice beginning for my trip! I never wanted to go to Colorado Springs anyhow. I had much better remained at Bar Harbor than to let the Carters inveigle me into coming west."

With this final reflection she commenced to read in earnest, but somehow her mind went back to the very disagreeable young man who had disregarded the sleeping car conductor's request that he yield the lower berth to the young woman, whose Pullman ticket had been duplicated by a careless employee in an uptown office. She could not forget the real regret in his eyes nor the nervous, embarrassed way in which he had smoothed his hair while he was offering his halting explanation. She could not reconcile this, however, with the fact that he had declined to climb the little steps in her stead. It was most annoying, she argued, that she could not forget a certain fascination which his long, firm hand had held for her and the hair he had smoothed.

She could imagine that he had spent hours trying to brush out a certain tendency to crisp curls. She was very glad there was something that could defeat him, if it was nothing more than curls, and after deciding thus she was more content.

She did not see him again until she entered the diner at dusk. The only place left for her was a single seat at a table meant for four. The three passengers already seated were men, talking business in rather loud tones. Amy hesitated. A figure at the table opposite rose suddenly. The very disagreeable young man who had sentenced her to the upper berth was standing beside her.

"Take my place," he said eagerly, "and I will go over there with the men." He had been occupying a seat at one of the small tables, and a gray haired woman was sitting opposite him.

Amy saw all this at a glance, and with a surprised uplifting of her eyebrows and a mechanical "Thank you!" accepted the seat. The young man had not yet been served, and she realized that the change had not embarrassed him in the least.

"Quite willing to do things that do not inconvenience him," she thought scornfully.

The young man did not presume upon the reception of this courtesy. Directly after dinner he once more retired to the smoking compartment, and Amy early ordered the porter to make up her berth. Once tucked snugly away, she forgot her grievance. The steady clunk-clunk of the wheels was a singular lullaby to which she soon yielded.

It seemed as if she had not been asleep more than three minutes when she awoke to the most horrible noises that she had ever heard. What had happened? Had the train run into a circus or a jungle of wild beasts? No, the train was still moving. Its unremitting clunk-clunk could be heard at intervals between the awful sounds which now assailed her ears. If it was not wild beasts, then maybe some one around her was dying.

This pretty, carefully reared, ever protected southern girl had never seen any one die, and in her ignorance of this and various other matters she was working herself up into a fine frenzy. A particularly deep and agonized roar was followed by a sound that was a cross between a penny whistle and a sob. She could stand the suspense no longer. She pushed the tiny button and, carefully arranging the curtains, stuck out her head to meet the look of inquiry in the porter's black face. Up and down the car she gave a hasty glance. Apparently no one else realized the tragedy that was going on so close at hand, for no other curtains were swaying, no other heads were thrust out.

"Sumfin' you want, miss?"

"Why—why, don't you hear that dreadful noise?" she said. "I think some one in the berth next to me is dying."

In the dim light she could see the darky's teeth gleam ivory white in a grin that reached from ear to ear.

"It's just the gentleman in the lower berth, miss, snoring. I will wake him up. Soon as he rolls over he'll stop."

Amy jerked in her head as if the porter had struck her. She could feel him switch aside the curtains below her. Two masculine voices were wafted toward her, then the sound of a deep grunt that was decidedly masculine—and silence.

Up in her eyrie Amy lay, still flushing hotly with mortification. She knew that porter would tell everybody on the train next morning. She wished she could change cars. Then suddenly from the berth below the hated sound rose again. Evidently there was no respite from this infliction, and, oddly enough, she felt herself pitying the man who was responsible for it. It was really a disease, she decided, and he was so young too.

The next morning she met him face to face in the dining car. Her cheeks were flooded with crimson. She knew by the quizzical light in his eyes that he had heard of her mistake, and undoubtedly every one on the car knew it by this time and would consider it a fine joke.

She ate her breakfast in a resentful humor. She felt reckless and miserable, and it may have been this mood which caused her to sway uncertainly as she crossed from the diner back to the sleeper. She reached out a hand to steady herself against the side of the vestibule. Suddenly it seemed to her as if a sharp, redhot iron had been thrust into her finger tip and run up to her shoulder. She tried to draw away her hand as a child does from a hot stove, but something held it tight, and then she awoke to the truth. The train had been swinging around a curve, and the iron plaits, or folds, of the vestibule, left uncovered by a careless employee, had opened just far enough to admit her finger and then had closed upon it again. She was held as in a vise, and her calls for assistance could not be heard above the roar of the train. And so it happened that the "hateful young man" came upon her, white lipped and fainting. When they had pried the hand loose he carried her unconscious figure into the vacant drawing room. The conductor came hurrying up, greatly perturbed over the accident, which meant a damage suit for the company. He turned to the porter.

"Hustle through the train and find out whether there is a physician on board."

The young man spoke sharply. "I am a physician. Porter, bring me that long, narrow black bag from my berth."

And so it happened when Amy woke up it was to find the hateful young man deftly bandaging her injured hand. The drawing room was placed at her disposal by the anxious conductor, and the entire train force was on its knees before her. The uncovered vestibule meant that some employee's head would fall into the basket.

Toward noon, in spite of the terrific pain in her crushed finger, Amy commenced to feel drowsy, thanks to the mild narcotic which Dr. McKean had administered. He plumped up the pillows for her, and she murmured drowsily, "I didn't sleep very well last night."

McKean bit his lip. "I was afraid you wouldn't. That was the worst part of my having to put Mr. Carter in the berth with you, but I couldn't get him another lower in the car, and he stubbornly refused to buy up a drawing room."

Amy felt suddenly wide awake. "Mr. Carter, why didn't you"—

"Lord, no. You didn't think I was raising the roof of my berth, did you? Mr. Carter has been at a sanitarium just east of Harrisburg. He is a patient of my father's, and his people asked me to pick him up and bring him on to Colorado Springs, where I am visiting for a week or so. That's what I was trying to tell you last night."

A sudden light dawned on Amy. "Oh, it's all the fault of that newsboy! I am going to the Carters myself. They're giving a house party."

"Yes, I know," said McKean. "I saw your name on your luggage. But now you're going to sleep, and if you don't mind I shall sit here beside you and see you are not rocked off when we make a fast run."

Amy dropped back weakly among the pillows. "No, I don't mind. I will be only too glad to have you stay." Suddenly she raised her heavy eyelids. "But promise me you will never tell what I said to the porter last night."

Dr. McKean's eyes twinkled. "I promise on my honor."

A Question of Science.

"I remember when I was a student at Wyoming seminary," said a clergyman, "a farmer came to Kingston to visit his nephew, whom he was educating.

"The farmer had no urban polish. His tea when it was brought was very hot, and he poured it in his saucer, to his nephew's great mortification.

"Finally, unable to restrain himself, the nephew was so rude as to say:

"'Uncle, why do you pour your tea in the saucer?'

"The old farmer looked up in surprise. Then he said in a loud, hearty voice:

"'To cool it, to be sure. The more air surface you give it the quicker it cools. These here modern seminaries don't teach much science, do they?'"

An Odd Introduction.

Sam Sothern once told an amusing little story of his first appearance in America. His manager was John T. Raymond, and when the young Englishman made his first stage entrance the older man, whose talent was equaled by his eccentricity, suddenly laid his hand on his shoulder and turned him around to the audience. "This is young Sam Sothern," he explained, to the astonishment of everybody on and off the stage, "and because we all remember his father so well I know you will give him a hearty welcome. Sam, my boy, fire away!"

Willing to Sell Out.

The mayor of New York walked down the steps of the city hall the other evening and bought a paper from a newsboy. While waiting his change he said, "Well, my little man, how is business today?" The little merchant looked up and answered, "On de bum!" The mayor thought for a moment and finally said: "Keep at it, my little man. You have a chance to become the president some day." The little fellow answered immediately, "Dat might be so, but I'll sell me chances for a nickel right now!"

Happiness and misery are two extremes, the utmost bounds whereof we know not.—Locke.

THE BEGGAR TRUST.

A Scheme That For a Time Was a Success in New York.

Several years ago a one legged youth named Kempton, who had left a comfortable home to engage deliberately in begging, conceived the idea of organizing a community of interest among panhandlers in the Park row district, in New York. He picked out strategic spots throughout the city and selected a man to beg in each. These men were always particularly well adapted to their posts—a blink (blind man) here, a crust thrower there, a maimed youth somewhere else. In order that the beggars might not be molested by the police a lookout was appointed for each, and in order that the syndicate's interests might be conserved Kempton employed roundsmen to observe how faithfully the beggars attended to business and to collect hourly the earnings of each. In case of arrest each member of the band was assured of legal representation, to be paid for out of the earnings of the pool.

The scheme thrived for many months, and at one time there were thirty men in the combination, which became a close corporation of profit and power. There is no knowing to what extent it might have expanded, nor how influential it might have become at last had not the nature of the organization given it undue prominence and caused it to fall directly under the ban of the mendicant squad. One by one the members were captured and sent to the island, and in the end the gang was broken up.—Theodore Waters in Everybody's Magazine.

AN ASPHALT LAKE.

The Way the Stuff Is Mined and Prepared For Market.

The largest South American asphalt lake, in Venezuela, consists of a dark brownish deposit of semifluid and semisolid substance surrounded by banks from three to six feet high. In the center of this lake is a continual ejection of hot fluid asphalt, accompanied by large bubbles of gas.

The dark skinned workmen excavate it in pieces weighing in the neighborhood of twenty-five pounds, sections forty feet in area and about four feet deep being worked at one time. As quickly as freed from its surroundings it is placed in large tubs, resting upon small flat topped train cars operated upon a narrow gauge road. The entire surface is constantly moving, thus necessitating a continual relaying of the tracks.

The freshly excavated asphalt is conveyed to the shore, where the tubs are lifted by hydraulic power to an aerial tramway, by which it is conveyed to the large wharf situated on the Guanoco river, about five miles distant from the lake. Here it is weighed and dumped into vessels which convey it to the foreign lands.

Upon its arrival at a factory it is heated until the water is expelled and the earthy material cast to the bottom of the large vats, and it is passed through a sieve into barrels, where it solidifies. It is then ready for commerce.—New York Tribune.

Virtue's Quick Reward.

"Nothing ever better illustrated to me," remarked the doctor, "the old adage, 'Virtue is its own reward,' than an experience I had the other day. Called for the first time to a patient who was desperately ill in addition to being penniless, I gave her $5 with which to purchase the necessities of life. The next morning I received a note from her not to call again. Later I learned she had called in a homeopathic physician, to whom she paid a fee of $2, and with the remainder of my charitable contribution she paid a monthly installment on a phonograph."—New York Press.

What the Hand Symbolizes.

Look where we will, we find the hand in time and history, working, building, inventing, bringing civilization out of barbarism. The hand symbolizes power and the excellence of work. The mechanic's hand, that minister of elemental forces, the hand that hews, saws, cuts, builds, is useful in the world equally with the delicate hand that paints a wild flower or molds a Grecian urn or the hand of a statesman that writes a law. The eye cannot say to the hand, "I have no need of thee." Blessed be the hand! Thrice blessed be the hands that work!—Helen Keller in Century.

Anecdote of Lewis Carroll.

Canon Liddell wrote this in his diary concerning an incident of a holiday tour he took with his friend, Charles L. Dodgson, better known as Lewis Carroll: "Dodgson was overcome by the beauty of Cologne cathedral. I found him leaning against the rails of the choir and sobbing like a child. When the verger came to show us over the chapels he got out of the way. He said that he could not hear the harsh voice of the man in the presence of so much beauty."

Just Debts.

"And what were the provisions of your uncle's will?"

"That I should have all he left after the payment of his just debts."

"Ah, very good of the old man, wasn't it? What did he leave?"

"Just debts."—Chicago Record-Herald.

Profit on a Tub.

A man who bought an old metal tub for 12 shillings at Winchester found it to be the borough bushel measure of the reign of George III. and sold it to an American for £60.—London Mail.

If the market value of advice were to take a rise the whole world would be rolling in riches.—New Orleans Picayune.

Winter Tourist Tickets.

To various points in Colorado, Texas, Louisiana, Old and New Mexico, Arizona and California are now on sale via the Missouri Pacific Ry. and Iron Mountain route. Standard Pullman and Tourist car service to California. For rates and full information address Jno. R. James, central passenger agent, 816 Bessemer Bldg., Pittsburg, Pa.

ANIMAL ANTIPATHIES.

The Fear Horses Have of Camels and Cattle of Dogs.

"In some towns they won't let us show," said the circus animal trainer, "unless we have no camels with us. Camels are a serious drawback to shows. Horses are so much afraid of them that lots of towns won't let a camel enter their gates.

"A horse won't go near a piece of ground a camel has stood on. The very smell of a camel in the air will make a horse tremble and sweat, and this fear isn't only found occasionally in a horse here and there. It is found in every horse all over the world. Queer, isn't it? I often wonder why it is. Cattle hate dogs in the same way, and cats hate dogs so too. Here, though, we can account for the hatred. Dogs in primitive times fed on cattle, no doubt, and even today here and there they kill and feed on kittens.

"Horses love dogs. I'm sure I don't know why. Dogs fear no animals but pumas and leopards. You can take a dog up to a lion's or a tiger's cage, and he will show no fear, but take him up to the cage of a puma or a leopard and he will tremble and moan and slink away out of sight."

"All very puzzling, isn't it?"—Philadelphia Bulletin.

TWO GREAT LEADERS.

Disraeli and Gladstone and Their Enmity Toward Each Other.

Disraeli will was too much for Gladstone. The great Liberal had but one adjective for his Tory opponent, and that was "devilish." Never during the years of their opposing leadership had the two any social relations. Each made light of the other's literary efforts. Some one asked Lord Beaconsfield to define the difference between a misfortune and a calamity, and unhesitatingly it came. "If Mr. Gladstone should fall into the Thames, it would be a misfortune. If any one should pull him out, it would be a calamity."

The best of all the Gladstone-Disraeli stories tells how once at a London dinner party the ladies at the table were asked which they would marry if they had to marry one or the other, the great Liberal or the great Tory. All declared promptly in favor of Beaconsfield save one, who hastened to explain that she had rather wed Gladstone that she might elope with Disraeli and so break her husband's heart. This happening was of course retold to Disraeli, and so pleased was he over it that he suspended a cabinet debate on the chances of a continental war in order to relate it.—Warwick James Price in Criterion.

THE BIG DIPPER.

It Is the Hour Hand of the Woodman's Celestial Clock.

The pole star is really the most important of the stars in our sky. It marks the north at all times. It alone is fixed in the heavens. All the other stars seem to swing around it once in twenty-four hours.

But the pole star of Polaris is not a very bright one, and it would be hard to identify but for the help of the so called pointers in the "Big Dipper," or "Great Bear." The outer rim of the dipper points nearly to Polaris, at a distance equal to three times the space that separates the two stars of the dipper's outer side. Various Indians called the pole star the "Home Star" and the "Star That Never Moves," and the dipper they call the "Broken Back." The "Great Bear" is also to be remembered as the pointers for another reason. It is the hour hand of the woodman's clock. It goes once around the North star in about twenty-four hours, the reverse way of the hands of a watch—that is, it goes the same way as the sun—and for the same reason—that it is the earth that is going and leaving them behind.—Country Life In America.

OBSCURE PASSAGES.

Lines Whose Meaning Was Not Clear to Their Authors.

A writer in London Truth recalls that Browning, when asked the meaning of a passage in "Sordello," replied, "Well, I know the poem had a meaning to me when I wrote it, but what it was I cannot now say." The writer goes on to quote parallel answers of Coleridge and of Goethe, which comforted him long ago, when he first transcribed them. Coleridge wrote the greater part of book 2 of Southey's "Joan of Arc" and annotated the long passage beginning, "Maid beloved of heaven," thus: "These are very fine lines, though I say it that should not, but hang me if I know, or ever did know, the meaning of them, though my own composition." Lord Francis Egerton, when translating "Faust," wrote to ask Goethe's explanation of a passage which puzzled him and received the reply that the poet himself was at a loss for its meaning. "Surely," runs his answer to Lord Francis, "you at twenty-four should know better than I at seventy-four the meaning of a passage I wrote at your age."

Understanding Poker.

The women believe that every man knows all about poker, but only a few men do. It is true, however, that nearly every man pretends to understand the game thoroughly. When there is a poker joke at a theater all the men smile and look at their women folks with a sort of pity, but the fellows who smile know very little about the game and are afraid to play it, for in almost every little social affair connected with chips and pairs there is a tin horn gambler industriously engaged in working chumps. The few men who really understand poker have a habit of winning the money of the men who pretend to understand it, so the large majority of men know nothing about the game further than that a good hand is hard to get.—Atchison Globe.

Might Have Been Worse.

Church—I had to walk the floor all night with the baby. Can you think of anything worse than that? Gotham—Yes; you might have married out in Greenland, where the nights are six months long.—Yonkers Statesman.

A Tale of "Tipping."

To tip or not to tip the person who but does his or her duty is a question recalling an incident set down in Walpole's "Reminiscences" of how a king once unwillingly encouraged the custom. "This is a strange country," commented George I. "The first morning after my arrival at St. James I looked out of the window and saw a park with walks, canal, etc., which they told me were mine. The next day Lord Chetwynd, the ranger of my park, sent me a brace of carp out of my canal, and I was told that I must give 5 guineas to Lord Chetwynd's servant for bringing me my own carp out of my own canal in my own park!"

The British Coast.

The most dangerous part of the British coast is that between Flamborough head and the North Foreland, including as it does both the Humber and the Thames. The next most dangerous district is that between Anglesea and the Mull of Cantyre, which includes the Mersey and the Clyde. Next comes that between Hartland point and St. David's head, which includes the Bristol channel. The district between the North Foreland and St. Catherine's, including, of course, the strait of Dover, comes but fourth on the list.

An Odd Opinion.

Do I believe in putting a stop to swearing? No, I don't. If you prevent the workingman from swearing, and thus relieving his feelings, what will happen? Why, he will go home and murder his family.—G. Bernard Shaw.

No Business Depression.

"Is your business good?" asked the burglar of the counterfeiter.

"Good!" repeated the counterfeiter. "Well, I should say it was. I have been just coining money."

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Main St. - Smethport

IN THE COURT OF COMMON PLEAS OF McKEAN COUNTY, NO. 85 FEB'Y TERM, 1905.

IN THE MATTER OF THE PETITION FOR THE APPOINTMENT OF A GUARDIAN FOR CATHERINE STICKLES.

To the Father, Mother, Brothers, Sisters, Children or other kin of the said Catherine Stickles, Take Notice:—

That a hearing in the above entitled case for the appointment of a guardian for the said Catherine Stickles, a weak minded person, will be had before the Honorable Joseph W. Bouton at his Chambers in the Court House, in the Borough of Smethport, McKean County, Pennsylvania, upon the 3rd day of February, 1906, at 10 o'clock a. m.

McKean County, ss.

1905, January 20th, from the record.

SAMUEL E. BELL, Prothonotary.

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Painless extraction of teeth. Over 25 years' experience.

Satisfaction guaranteed.

DR. F. C. PIERCE, Smethport, Pa.

Notice of Administration.

In the Estate of Maurice A. Hall, deceased. Letters of administration have been duly granted by the Register of Wills upon the estate of Maurice A. Hall, late of Smethport, County of McKean, and State of Pennsylvania, deceased, to Nellie Irene Hall, residing in Smethport, County of McKean, State of Pennsylvania, to whom all persons who are indebted to said estate are requested to make payment, and all persons having any legal claim against or demand upon said estate, shall make the same known without delay.

NELLIE IRENE HALL, Administratrix.

P. O. Smethport, Pa.

Dated December 28th, 1904.

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This House has recently been greatly improved in all its appointments, making it one of the most convenient hotels in the country. Good beds and attentive clerks. The tables are supplied with all the delicacies of the season. A liberal share of the public patronage is respectfully solicited.

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Having recently purchased the above Hotel, and made extensive improvements, I am prepared to cater to the traveling public.

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